

THE
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THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX.

We have received an unusual number of poetical enclosures this month, and we fear the authors of the *morceaux* will form a most contemptuous opinion of our taste, when they find that we have not been able to render them available through any other medium than that of the "letter-box;" for example—C. M. J. "dares to hope that his poetical scrap may find a place," and the young gentleman "having scarcely attained his eighteenth year," characterizes it as the "*first attempt of an uneducated and untaught muse*." It commences thus; and proves, at least, that if our poet persevere he may in time become a most ingenious rhymist:—

" TO ROSABELLE.

" Oh! Rosabelle, indeed thou art
A being beautiful as thought;
A creature that might hope to win
The angel blest and seraphin."

Our next correspondent, B. W. J., in the most modest manner possible, "begs to intrude" his lines "on our notice," and which indeed are very respectable, and need no apology. But the third is a different sort of gentleman altogether; he takes us by storm in the following fashion:—

" Sir,—If the enclosed verses are inserted in the M. Magazine I shall expect a compensation for them, which I will thank you to leave at your publishers for,—Yours obediently,
C. Z.

" To the Editor of the Monthly Mag.

" THE STORM WANDERER.

" Now fiercely howls the northern blast,
And loud the tempests roar;
The rain and sleet are beating fast
Against the cottage door.

" The rugged rocks the surges lash
In their resistless might,
And oft the vivid lightnings flash
Terrifically bright.

" The wind—a perfect hurricane—
Blows with tremendous sound,
And rapidly the drops of rain
Fall pattering to the ground.

" Yet on this night so dark and drear,
Amid the storm's harsh moan,
A maid, uninfluenced by fear,
A maiden, and alone," &c. &c.

We are afraid of proceeding further with our extract lest we trench upon the copyright of this valuable document; and "compensation" for such a work would indeed be a fearful thing to contemplate. We would respectfully suggest to C. Z. the propriety of turning his talents to a more profitable account.

A gentleman writes to us calling himself an "Imitator of the Lake Poets," and proposes to send some verses addressed "To a Child carrying a Bulrush in its hand, having a blind Father." We recommend the "Imitator" to carry his proposal into effect by all means. We feel quite anxious to be made acquainted with so interesting a creation as the "Bulrush and its blind father."

The author of "Asmodeus" shall hear from us immediately.

We have been so much occupied during the past month that many papers are still unread and many letters unanswered, which we will shortly attend to.

THE LATE AND PRESENT MINISTRY.

"On their own merits," says Panglos, "modest men are dumb;" and the doctor does not possess a sincerer subscriber to his eloquently humble aphorism than we of the "Monthly Magazine." He must be a very indifferent observer of the progress of public events, who is unable to perceive, that, no sooner does an astounding occurrence in state affairs take place, than the spirit of prophecy instantaneously descends upon those who have the means of making their voices heard. The accuracy with which our brethren of the daily and weekly press have predicted the downfall of the Grey administration, *after* the premier had dissolved the cabinet, is absolutely amazing. Accordingly we find self-gratulatory eulogiums after the following fashion:—as—"Things have occurred just as we expected,"—"We find that our silent, but anxious anticipations on this head have been realized to the letter,"—"No one can now be ignorant, that affairs must have turned out as they have;" and such like. Now, this sort of proceeding completely divests us of our constitutional apathy to egotism. How far we are amenable for falling into the error we denounce, may be gathered from a solitary fact. We beg to refer the reader to our last "Note of the Month," for July, entitled "Peaceful Commotion." Not to disturb him in his chair, we take the liberty of quoting it, or rather that portion immediately relative to the present question.

"Ireland has been the bitter drop in the cup of successive administrations, *and has been the ruin of this*. Thus are the wrongs of that unfortunate scape-goat of doating and empirical statesmen made the avengers of themselves. *The Grey cabinet never can carry a motion for the renewal of the Coercion Bill, and certainly cannot hold office if that question be mooted at all. Success is out of the most sanguine hope of their most degraded followers; and failure entails unavoidable resignation.*" The question of the Irish Coercion Bill was mooted; the parties so doing were ruined by it; and the consequences are before us. Whatever may have been the merits of the late administration, this is certain—that they who do not regard its overthrow with indifference, do with pleasure; and those two parties comprise the entire nation. The few, the very few, who regret its dissolution, are in numbers and talent any thing but respectable. The secret of its existing so long, is solely attributable to the fact that all but the Tories were aware of the difficulty, the almost impossibility, of its place being efficiently supplied. Nearly all were unanimous in loudly decrying its enactments, and its attempts at enactments. However loath to admit it, all felt that they were obliged to tolerate that which they could not improve; for it is not less humiliating than true, that talent was never a scarcer commodity among the aristocracy than at the present moment; and in the state in which society now is, it is the aristocracy to whom we must look for legislators, and for the formation of legislators. We feel not the

least hesitation in asserting, that, for a considerable time to come, this feeling of half-regret, half-mortification for Earl Grey's removal from office, will retain no small hold on the public mind. The very persons who may be influenced most by those political sensations, will, we suspect, be least anxious to admit the fact, even to themselves; for the class we speak of comprises those who are grateful for the Reform Bill, if its provisions were duly followed up by the parliament, without indulging in any anticipations of premature perfectability in government. The late administration was characterized by a series of legislative frolics, that had not even the wretched merit of being productive of a feeling higher than contempt; and, consequently, all that portion of the community (and it is not small) whom half-and-half measures would content, seceded. The late administration was also characterized by a series of legislative blunders, that were not ridiculous, only because they were not less serious in their effects; consequently, all that portion of the community, (and it is not small) whom half-and-half measures would *not* content, seceded. Thus was the Grey cabinet a thing apart from the nation; perfectly isolated; possessing the affections of none, the sympathy of none, and above all, the respect of none. Here were negative evils enough to scare any men less pertinacious of office, its emoluments, and power; and, when coupled with the systematic virulence of the Tories, and the more than questionable indifference of the court, the wonder is, not that *that* cabinet is now no more, but that it outlived the carrying of the Reform Bill.

This, we think, is an impartial and strictly correct view of the question. The difficulty experienced by his Majesty and advisers in the formation of the present ministry, such as it is, fully sustains our hypothesis respecting the long retention of power by Earl Grey and his colleagues. No body of men entrusted with the direction of public affairs, ever had the opportunities of endearing their names to the latest posterity possessed by the ex-ministers; none ever received one tithe of the support from the people, properly so called; and none ever set so assiduously to undermine the fabric of their own reputations. Could any one have foreseen that the men who in 1831-2 were the idols, not of the populace, not of the rabble, not of the swinish multitude, as the poor are politely designated, but of the nation at large, of the entire country, of all grades and all classes—the class once Tories has long merged into a faction—could any one, we repeat, have supposed that these men, in so short a time, would have witnessed the gradual decay, and at length, final extinction of their popularity? Sundry elections refute the notion that this revulsion of the public mind was sudden or instantaneous. The retrogression of the feeling towards ministers kept pace *non passibus æquis*, but exactly, though in an inverse ratio, with the retrogression of ministers from their original principles. Every declination from the basis on which they professed to stand, was attended by a corresponding abandonment of their quondam supporters; and it is the painful sense of the difficulty of supplying their places that prevented the resignation of the premier, and the presumed removal from power of his colleagues, being hailed with almost universal rejoicing.

In the downfall of Earl Grey, there is, however, one circumstance that cannot fail to be regarded with feelings of unmingled satisfaction : he was shipwrecked for the very cause he most deserved of all others to be shipwrecked ; he went to pieces on the rock of his own formation, and was engulfed in the whirlpool his anile rashness had created. Ireland, in declaiming against whose wrongs he first challenged the attention of the British people ; in upholding whose rights he secured a permanency in the good opinion of that people ; but in oppressing whom, he forfeited the respect and confidence of his fellow-citizens—Ireland has been the element of discord, that shattered, in the twelfth hour, his political reputation. What statesman in British history would rival the author of the Reform Bill, if he were not, at the same time, the author of the Coercion Bill ? And what statesman would suffer by comparison with the oppressor of Ireland, if he were not the destroyer of rotten boroughs ? A splendid celebrity was within his grasp, and he forfeited it, through the puerile ambition of retaining the premiership in his seventieth year. The consummation of his career as a legislator, was marked by an attempt at the renewal of an act which would have driven his predecessor from office, even in the climax of his popularity, attendant on the measure of Catholic Emancipation. And here the reader cannot fail to institute a comparison between the Duke of Wellington and Lord Grey, respecting the decline of the popularity of both. Had the victor of Napoleon been content to retire from the field of the last and most glorious of his fights, his fame would now be as green as the laurels of his triumphs. The people would have forgiven the Tory feelings and predilection in the soldier, they cannot and will not tolerate in the lawgiver. He might have indulged his anti-plebeian fancies, provided he did not attempt to restrict plebeian opinions. But, as if anxious to demonstrate the truth of the somewhat trite adage, that a very great hero may be a very little man, he ran headlong in the teeth of the wishes of the age, and illustrated the applicability of the equally trite simile of the viper and the file. His legislative would have not very distantly approached his military rivalry of his illustrious competitor, had he even been content to forego the trappings of authority, after carrying the Catholic Bill of Rights. But the insane laudations of his titled admirers, operating on a very simple mind, urged him to the ludicrous folly of becoming the most conspicuous land-mark of bye-gone times and opinions. His declaration of the inutility of any and all reform, was followed by a declaration on the part of the people, of the inutility of any and all utterers of such absurdity. Accordingly, we find him, with all dexterity of a proficient in legerdemain, abandoning the game of playing at statesmanship, and taking up the inane pastime of Babel-mongering with the bigotted and overgrown schoolboys of Oxford. Earl Grey, on the other hand, not content with being the most popular man in the kingdom, not content with exhibiting the might of the greatest people on record,—evinced in their simultaneous uprising on a question involving the enlargement of their political freedom—and not content with humbling the ostentatious vanity of a dominant oligarchy, seeking to oppress the people, was smitten with the

mania for humbling the people himself. Had he retired from the political arena when the Reform Bill was carried, the undivided praises of the empire would have accompanied him, and been more grateful, we apprehend, to him, than the spirit his rashness on the Irish Persecution Bill has conjured up to pursue him with lasting rancour.

The *Examiner*, with a felicity of thought and diction peculiar to that journal alone, says (but our extract, of course, loses its original brilliancy, as we only quote from memory), "Twenty, aye, even ten years ago, Earl Grey would have been a great statesman. But the age has outgrown him. A minister, to be effective, must march with the times. Like a traveller in a snow storm, if he stop he is smothered; and a disposition to sleep is the forerunner of death." The noble earl mistook existence for exertion, and failed to perceive that it was not sufficient to place the Reform Bill in the hands of the people, without being prepared to regulate his paces by the movement of the many. He had acquired, somehow or other, a reputation for dignity—justly we believe as most men—but, with singular perverseness, he essayed in his last speech, as a minister of the crown, to demolish that opinion; and, as far as a single effort could go in that respect, pretty well succeeded. His pretext for calling for the extraordinary powers of the coercion act was, that the past conduct of himself and colleagues was a sufficient guarantee against their abuse of those powers. Yet in leaving office, he calls upon the upper house to vest those very powers in the hands of *any* administration, regardless of the probability of their being abused or not. Now, this conduct, to say the least of it, was anything but dignified; more especially when we reflect that even his co-partners in office repudiated the principles of the bill he was so anxious to thrust upon their lordships' acceptance. Again, he attempted (and what an attempt!) to defend his notorious provisioning of his innumerable progeny and their relations, on the score of their being fitted to the offices to which he appointed them. With singular ill grace, he asked the right reverend proprietors of lawn sleeves, did they not think that Dr. Grey was very well fitted to the See of Hereford; or that Hereford was very well fitted for him? Cheers, as might be expected, were the response of the fathers in God. It was a weakness, amiable, no doubt, but still a weakness, on the part of the venerable premier, to see mountains of religious efficiency and political sagaciousness in his consanguineous Greys, where a more disinterested man would have been unable to detect mole-hills of the like virtues. But to call upon the public to recognise these very minute affairs, through the same distorting and magnifying medium, was rather a bold demand, even from Earl Grey, who hesitated not to demand a total disruption of the principles of the constitution, to suit his political bias. We could not but admire the extreme *naïveté* of his recapitulating the good deeds of his administration. The recital certainly was of brevity calculated to suit the *ennui* of the most fastidious; and the paucity of his materials defied the embellishments of rhetoric. "It is said," observed the noble premier, "that we have done nothing. Is the Reform Bill nothing? The renewal of the

Bank Charter nothing? And the extension of the India Trade nothing?" Why did he not proceed in his interrogations, and demand, Is the Coercion Bill nothing? The prosecution of the Press nothing? The advocacy of Flogging and Impressment of Seamen nothing? Is the transportation of old Dennis Collins, who damaged His Majesty's hat at Ascot races nothing? Is the Fast-day procession, and the Calthorpe-street victory nothing? Is the retention of the bread and almost every other tax nothing? And, call you the reduction of the duties on tiles, soda-water, cocoa-nuts, and sheep-dogs nothing? Now, if accounts were balanced in this fashion, we apprehend that the premier's credit side would not exhibit a very astonishing sum total in his favour. We have been far from minute in our enumeration; we have not dwelt on tithe-bills innumerable, malt-taxes (abolished and imposed again in a breath), pension lists unrevised, sinecures untouched, and a host of etceteras from John Key and Manners Sutton upwards. Septennial acts and newspaper duties, in *statu quo*, are subjects seductive of discussion; but we let them be, for the catalogue of accusations is not meagre already.

To sum up our opinion in a few words; we say, that notwithstanding all these changes, Earl Grey's retirement (effected as it was) does not afford matter for exultation. Putting him for the cabinet in general, it must be admitted, that if compared with his predecessors in office, for a very great number of years, he will not suffer by such trial. It is when compared with itself, at different stages of its duration, that his ministry fails at the public ordeal of opinion. It is downright cant to assert, that the difficulties of his situation obliged him to conform to circumstances. There were no circumstances that could possibly prevent the man who carried the Reform Bill from acting on the provisions of that bill. The worn-out threat of a Tory Ministry coming into power, was unworthy of its utterers; and, if any thing were wanted to corroborate this assertion, have not events immediately preceding the formation of the present cabinet fully afforded all necessary proof. The people enabled Lord Grey to bid defiance to difficulties that never could occur again; and would have done so, over and over, were it possible or necessary, had he not relied on his own strength, rather than on that of his indestructible supporters. Lord Brougham's talent, and his own elocutionary powers, gave him a decided ascendancy in debate in the upper house; and his influence, to the last hour, was paramount in the Commons. Where then was the unprecedented difficulty "of being in a minority in the Lords?" He was in a minority in the Lords when he first tested their powers on the reform question. What ensued? did they maintain their supremacy? No: they had prudence to yield assent to that necessity they found it fruitless to oppose; and that necessity would occur, as often as their obstinacy would lead them to oppose Lord Grey, when upheld by the nation. Let us then hear no more of those fallacious subterfuges, respecting the difficulties of Lord Grey's situation. There is much praise due to the noble Earl, on many grounds; and none are more willing to award it than ourselves. But there is also much censure; and it would be folly to be scrupulous in bestowing it. His radical error was in supposing that the people

would take the name for the substance of reform ; this involved, of necessity, a reliance on himself, a belief that his opinion was the opinion of England ; mistakes multiplied in rapid succession ; the blunders of the head, of course, begot others of greater magnitude in the minor members of the cabinet ; the confidence of the people was irrevocably forfeited ; a squabble between a silly and a crafty man revealed how affairs stood ; the derision of the country was provoked ; and, for very shame, the jumble of incongruities, lately known by the name of the Grey administration, fell to pieces.

The colleagues of his lordship do not require to be spoken of at any great length by us. The Chancellor was one of the very few members of the late cabinet, who though they have not added to their reputation by their connexion with the government, have certainly not much impaired it. Though his station rendered him a prominent, his actions did not render him a conspicuous minister. With the exception of the discussions on the Reform Bill, he has had but few opportunities of evincing his unquestionable pre-eminence over all competitors in the upper house. Under the present arrangements, he will, we are apprehensive, have but too frequent occasions to put himself in a position that the new premier is totally incapable of maintaining among the "Corinthian capitals." Lord Brougham's talents must ever give him a distinguished elevation under any ministerial leader ; but the present First Lord of the Treasury is, by his comparative incapacity as a statesman, and unimportance as an individual, merely fitted to afford additional proofs, by contrast, of the Chancellor's indisputable superiority. All the members of the late government, being members of that now in office, with the exception of Mr. Stanley, and Sir James Graham, it is, of course, unnecessary to dwell upon the circumstance of their connexion with Earl Grey. With regard to the late colonial secretary, however, we must be permitted to observe, that nothing so completely establishes our proposition, relative to the dearth of talent among public men, as the fact of Mr. Stanley's being so long mistaken for the possessor of legislative ability. What has he ever done to entitle him to be regarded as an enlightened statesman ? What has he ever said to warrant the supposition of his having an enlarged or comprehensive mind ? Nothing—literally nothing. Look at his miserable attempts at law-making for the pacification of Ireland—begun but to be abandoned ; founded in rashness and ignorance, and forsaken with less dignity than absurd precipitancy. In what assembly, we should be glad to know, except in the present House of Commons, would the utterer of the rhodomontading philippics against O'Connell have been cheered at the termination of every violation of grace and logic, and not unfrequently, of common sense ? The agitator was especially obnoxious to the member for Lancashire, and in no great odour in St. Stephen's ; therefore personality imparted a zest to the Right Honourable gentleman's harangues, and the applauders of mediocre oratory lent him a confidence he could have done without, and an assurance of which he already possessed too much. Who ever thought, even among his warmest partizans, of recurring to Mr. Stanley's speeches, a month after their delivery, for the purpose of witnessing the recog-

nition of any broad and ennobling views of jurisprudence, the development of a wise system of tangible relief from the evils of bad laws, or for the utterance of a philosophic or statesmanlike maxim? No one. Mr. Stanley's speeches were the emanations of an everyday mind, essentially common place; and solely preserved from a hasty and deserved oblivion, by the simple fact of their being the siftings of the riddles of rubbish, that were nightly emptied from the treasury benches. He could rattle through a pretty extensive vocabulary of demi-refined slang, with marvellous volubility; his cut-and-dried bon-mots, or what he supposed to be such, were ever ready for distribution; of pet phrases, and sayings of questionable smartness, he had prodigious store; of historical knowledge, when occasion required, he could make sufficient parade to silence Mr. Croker, and amaze the country gentlemen; and, moreover, could throw his heels in the air, to evince his contempt for propriety and the Irish, and make the squires stare at the far-fetched elegance of the representative of the house of Derby. Now, all these, united to an intense admiration of them by himself, a swaggering air, and a dictatorial pomposity of manner, naturally begot a deferential sort of respect among the *servum pecus imitatorum*, who never fail to think well of a man who thinks well of himself, and despises them. There are a herd in the lower house, who invariably admire what they don't understand, and applaud it if they see any do so, whom they suppose would not express approbation without reason. Lord John Russell, and Sir James Graham cried "hear, hear!" to every thing their colleague said; and this was the signal for those who are above the vulgarity of thinking for themselves on matters of law making. No one courted an encounter with the vituperative secretary, who accordingly grew wanton with uncontrolled success. Lord Althorp played foil, because he could do no better; and kept pace in dulness and inert amiability with the vivacious bitterness of his bustling coadjutor. Every man who attempted to dissent from the opinions of the ministry was set upon by Mr. Stanley, out-clamoured by his impetuous tongue, and overborne by the shouts of the abject set, who hoped to escape being victims, by applauding the termagant victimizer. No triumphant amazon of Billingsgate, victorious over contending fish-fags, ever strutted with more self-complacency through the piscatory scene of her achievements, than did the right honorable secretary sit down after the demolition of an adversary's arguments by torrents of abuse. His echoing compatriots in office tasted his venom, when it suited his purpose to bestow it on them, and no one ever made more ridiculous contortions, under the infliction of the same lash, than the noble financier of the Exchequer. Mr. Stanley's secession from Earl Grey has enabled people to look at the nine days' wonder with a little less dread than hitherto; and they are now beginning to find out, that he was great, for the same reason that Gulliver was a giant in Lilliput—by comparison with the very little people by whom he was surrounded.

Time will best exhibit the wisdom or the folly of regulating the machinery of public affairs by abstracting the main spring, stopping the wheels for a week or ten days, and then, without the slightest al-

teration further, propelling the mutilated thing into motion again. Few as were the claims of the late ministry to confidence or respect, they are now considerably less. The members are almost precisely the same, with the exception that Lord Grey has gone out, and Lord Duncannon (who was in the ministry, but not in the cabinet, before) has stepped into office. The late secretary for the Home Department takes the Premiership, and his vacated place is supplied by Lord Duncannon, who, in his turn, vacates the Woods and Forests for Sir John Cam Hobhouse, now created a cabinet minister. Now, what is to be thought of such arrangements? Have they the look of stability about them? or, is it to be supposed, that the people of England have suddenly thrown up the reins of their judgment, and are content to shut their eyes to the movements of men responsible for the direction of the energies and power of the empire? Still we are to have the blunders of Lord Althorp staring us in all the nudity of downright folly; and are to be told, that, though he is a wretched chancellor, he is very good-natured. A portly gentleman, who loves a prize ox and a show pig, and does not insult every one he meets, is privileged to tumble the revenue into chaos, if it so please him, and announce his errors with a smile. Who could find it in their hearts to object to a financier, who discovered that the resources of Great Britain would admit of a reduction of the duties on tobacco pipes and sheep dogs; and modestly asserting, all the while, that the fatigues of office would at length oblige him to resign the management of such portentous affairs. Business at the Admiralty and the Post-office is supposed to be capable of taking care of itself; and a couple of golden-headed canes are appointed to report progress. The very profound quietude of political matter in Spain, and in fact all over the Continent; the well known forbearance of Don Carlos; the pacification of things in Turkey, and the proverbial inertness of Metternich, the Czar, and his majesty of Prussia, sufficiently justify the continuance in power of that official walking-stick, Lord Palmerston. O'Connell and Irish tithes, with the wholesome agitation attendant thereon, are entrusted to the keeping of the discreet Mr. Littleton, to whom ministers are indebted for the upsetting of Earl Grey. A few cyphers are studded here and there, to save appearances. With the solitary exception of Sir John Hobhouse being added to the cabinet, what have the country gained?—Lord Duncannon's promotion to the Home-office! And this is by way of a set-off for the removal of Earl Grey. The War-office is well enough, perhaps, in Mr. Edward Ellice's hands; and the colonies certainly could not be better disposed of than by leaving them with Mr. Spring Rice, who is the only man of business and sense in the lot, and more he does not pretend to be.

Here, then, is a goodly crew with which to man the vessel of the state.

Where is the master mind to model these materials to any useful purpose? why, of all men's in christendom, Lord Melbourne's! And who is Lord Melbourne? When we have said that he is *not* nobody (no sin against Murray, by the way), we have said every thing. Martin, the madman, ceased to be an ordinary maniac, by the extra-

ordinary act of burning York Minster. The noble Viscount, now first Lord of the Treasury, ceased to be an every-day lord by an act of more than lordly folly. Lord Melbourne is the never-to-be-forgotten victim of the never-to-be-forgotten triumph of Coldbath Fields. He it was who charged the breechless soldiery of the rebel hosts, on the plains of Calthorpe; overcame the redoubtable legions of unarmed vagabonds; broke through the vanguard of old women and children; dispersed the light squadrons of shirtless boys and hoary-headed old men; and finally routed the main body of the deaf, the decrepid, the halt, and the blind. He it was who out-Hannibal'd the conqueror of Cannæ, in planning and executing the masterly stratagem of capturing the six atrocious conspirators, who were preparing to dethrone and behead the king, and seize the empire, and had all but effected their traitorous purpose, when Lord Melbourne caught the sanguinary wretches in the very act of — playing at soldiers with wooden swords in a hay-loft. He it was who permitted the amiable Mr. Laing, of police-office renown, to exhibit his benignant mercies to the many villains guilty of being found too poor to indulge in feather beds. He it was who turned poor foolish Collins, the old man-of-war's-man, into a Bonaparte, and shipped him to Port Jackson for the safety of Great Britain: and to him are we indebted for preserving us from the horrors of revolution. But we have done! Surely we have enumerated more than enough to satisfy the most sceptical as to Lord Melbourne's claim to take the lead in public affairs; or, may it not be reasonably supposed, that the man who with a detachment of marines could effect half the glories that we have detailed, must, with the resources of the whole fleet at his back, do something of a magnitude corresponding with his already well-earned renown? Though we are far from presuming that our readers are ignorant of the fact, it may not be altogether out of place, to remind them, that *all* the peers in Earl Grey's cabinet (Lord Melbourne among the rest) were of decided opinion, that without the Coercion Bill, as it last passed Parliament, the tranquillity of his Majesty's dominions could not be preserved. But no sooner is the noble Viscount entrusted with the seals of office, than he runs down to the House of Lords, and declares that the three obnoxious clauses of the bill is to be forthwith rescinded—in fact, the whole bill given up, and an emasculated one, by way of excuse, to be introduced *first* into the lower house. So completely does this proceeding satisfy Mr. O'Connell and his Irish fraternity of M.P.s, that he declared, the very night the announcement was made in the Commons, that he was well pleased with the alterations. Here, then, is a complete empaling of principle upon the horns of a most untoward dilemma; here is a Scylla and Charybdis, a frying-pan-and-fire sort of alternative. The bill of last session could not be carried, that's certain; for the attempt ruined the old cabinet, with a much greater man than Lord Melbourne at its head. What then becomes of his Majesty's dominions?—shared, of course, among the agitators, or there is no truth in Lord Melbourne's assertions. We should be most happy to hear those paradoxes reconciled with common sense; but we suppose that the riddle is resolved by the application of the old motto of the optimists—whatever is, is best.

Men who are accustomed to look upon politics, not as a question of the party-squabbles of the day, but as a test of the state of the great thermometer of opinion, (and there are many such), will, perhaps, be inclined to regard the present aspect of affairs in the same light that it is looked upon by the self-willed but sagacious member for Oldham. When his prejudices do not interfere with his judgment, few men can pronounce with greater accuracy on matters offered than the honourable gentleman. He says that it is perfectly immaterial who is minister and who is not—who is in office and who is out; that the cause of the people is equally safe in the hands of one party as in those of the other, for that without concession to the demands of the people, no government can be carried on in England; and that Whig and Tory have become so diluted and amalgamated, that the distinction exists but nominally, and should not occupy the attention of the nation a single hour. We are disposed to admit the truth of all this; nay, we go further than Mr. Cobbett, and assert, that government is not capable of proceeding a single step without the concurrence of the people. But, though we admit this, and though we also admit the difficulty of choosing men calculated to the emergencies of the occasion, yet it surely cannot be contended, that all England cannot supply a Chancellor of the Exchequer less oafish than Lord Althorp; a Minister for Foreign Affairs less ignorant, frivolous, or unsteady than Palmerston; and, above all, a man suited to manage Ireland less parrot-prattling-headed than Mr. Littleton. If the places of these worthies cannot be supplied, then, we say, that a Wellington administration would have been just as acceptable to the nation at large. Blunders through downright incapacity, at least, would not be perpetually recurring under such a leader; and the country would have the satisfaction of knowing that the government understood itself. But, it will be said, that the Commons are desirous of retaining Lord Althorp as their principal in the lower house. Need we wonder. Any half-witted gentleman, who has got a crotchet in his head, no matter how absurd, may hold forth by the hour, and prose, and re-prose, and dogmatise, about nothing, or any thing, as the case may be, with the full concurrence of the good-natured member for Northamptonshire, who leaves the business of the county to get on as it may. Is not the public mind stuffed to surfeiting by the countless projects with which the time of the house is wasted in discussion?—Bills on omnibus-driving, ginger-beer drinking, pie baking, and duelling, and Heaven knows what beside, are the orders of the day; and if Lord Althorp be asked, why no *business* is done, he gets up and says, "Surely, honourable members will give me credit for good intentions;" and a volley of cheers rewards the sage declaimer. The more we reflect on these things, the more fully persuaded do we feel that the public have no reason to congratulate themselves on the slight change the cabinet has undergone in the removal of Earl Grey. The ministerial majorities in the lower house (in the upper there are none) exhibit a catalogue of the most unideal, unthinking, and frivolous personages that ever sat in St. Stephen's. It is true there are many names to be found in favour of government measures that would save even Lord Althorp from contempt; but the herd who scamper off

to the treasury side of the house the moment there is the least symptom of a division, no matter what may be the question in dispute, are the most pitiable, but, at the same time, most strenuous backers of the Exchequer man's fooleries. He repays their assiduity by allowing them to make themselves conspicuously silly whenever they have a notion that they have got something to say; and hence Lord Althorp is popular in the Commons.

Though the present position of affairs in high quarters is any thing but cheering, the public have attained the knowledge of a fraud which never can be attempted to be imposed again. Lord Grey had one note in the upper house, which he never failed to ring out as often as occasion (and it was not seldom) required. "A Tory government! a Tory government!" was his incessant exclamation whenever he suspected that his measures were not universally approved. In the other house Lord Althorp echoed his master; and between them they succeeded in creating an opinion, that the resignation of the reformers would be the signal for Sir Robert Peel and his quondam associates stepping into power. This cry of "wolf! wolf!" was kept up to the last; and the late premier shared the fate of the boy in the fable, though the country did not. Now, supposing the converse of this were to be tried on Lord Melbourne, we should like to know what effect it would produce. "A Radical government" sounds just as awful to a certain class as a Tory government did to another. Though we deem extreme opinions on either side unwise; if words will produce effects, we say, that there is much less improbability in the idea of the formation of an extremely liberal than of an extremely illiberal administration. No one will deny that, exclusive of the Tories, the opponents of ministers (generally speaking) in the lower house exhibit much more mind and intelligence of every description, and reflect the opinions of ten times a greater number of the people than the swarms who opposed a revision of the infamous Pension List, a repeal of the Septennial Act, of the corn laws, of the taxes on knowledge, and dozens of statutes disgraceful to a state pretending to be free. If, then, the cant of the Whigs be fully exposed (and few, we imagine, can doubt it) relative to the Tories coming into office, let them look to the other extreme, and make just and timely concession to the wants of the age, without waiting to be forced to surrender what they can make a grace of bestowing. This we can say, however, without much fear of witnessing its refutation, that, be the disposition of the government as liberal as it may, and be it never so willing to comply with the wishes of the times, its councils must be puling, its resolutions impotent, its conclusions despicable, and its measures ludicrous, contemptible, and absurd, as long as Lord Melbourne retains the premiership, and Lords Althorp and Palmerston, and Mr. Littleton, keep their present, or, indeed, any situation under him. It is folly to expect that Lords Brougham and Duncannon, Mr. Rice, and Sir John Hobhouse can do their own business and atone for the more than incapability of their colleagues. As for Lord John Russell, he has made some good speeches, and, with the exception of Sir Henry Parnell and Sir John Cam Hobhouse, was, perhaps, the most consistent person connected with Earl Grey's government;

but his office or his talents do not qualify him to be of any essential service under present circumstances. In the annals of monomania we find not unfrequently, by the mere fact of the patients being placed in peculiar situations or positions, that they fancy themselves teapots, genii, or Czars of Muscovy, as the case may be. Lord Auckland is accommodated with a large house and certain appurtenances in the neighbourhood of Whitehall, by which, reports say, he is induced to suppose that he is First Lord of the Admiralty. After this we shall not be surprised to hear of the woollack being appointed Speaker of the House of Lords.

LESSONS FOR THE LITERATI.

THE ELEPHANT AND OTHER ANIMALS.

FROM THE SPANISH OF YRIARTE.

In those famed regions, where, in days now far gone,
The beasts could speak intelligible jargon;
The sapient elephant saw within the nation,
Follies and faults which called for reformation;
He, longing much the censor's lash to wield,
Convoked, with this intent, a great convention,
Bow'd with his huge trunk, à la Chesterfield,
And then in speech well studied, claim'd attention.
For nearly half an hour he stood declaiming,
A thousand vices and bad habits naming;
Amongst the rest he touch'd, in due gradation,
Upon disgraceful idleness, and then vi-
Tuperated foolish affectation—
And haughty ignorance—and malicious envy.
Some of the audience seem'd much edified,
List'ning with ears and mouth extended wide;
The faithful dove—and the ingenious bee—
The lamb—the pointer, famed for loyalty,—
The docile horse—the ant, of frugal care,—
The linnet, and the butterfly, were there:
But no small portion of his hearers then did
Feel with his strictures mortally offended.
The tiger and the cruel wolf growl'd on him,
And what abuse the serpent cast upon him!
The wasp, the gnat, the hornet, and the drone,
Murmur'd against him in a lower tone.
Th' ill-omen'd locust would no longer stay,
He with the caterpillar stalk'd away;
The weasel, framing an excuse, slunk after;
The fox remain'd to play the hypocrite;
The monkey on the censor tried his wit,
Mock'd him, and turn'd his preaching into laughter.
The elephant this shameful treatment viewed
With much *sang froid*, and thus did he conclude:—

" My friends, before ye I do here protest,
 To all and yet to none my censures turn'd,
 They wake resentment in a guilty breast,
 But he who's blameless, hears them unconcern'd."
 My fables, to the reader be it known,
 Speak to the world, and not to Spain alone,
 Nor of these times alone, since they pourtray
 Defects that have been always, as to-day;
 And since their lessons are addressed to all,
 And not intended to be personal,
 He who applies them to himself, I say,
 Let him digest their moral as he may.

THE PARROT, THE JAY, AND THE MAGPIE.

A JAY who heard a parrot speaking,
 Instead of man's instruction seeking
 To learn the idiom, preferr'd
 The lessons of the ill-taught bird:
 And, after only one rehearsal,
 Thinking her words and accents terse all,
 Believ'd she had no more to learn,
 And taught the magpie in her turn.
 As for the magpie,—she, they say,
 Acquir'd about as much as they
 Who strive to gain their information
 From a base copy or translation.

THE DRONES AND THE BEE.

THE drones one day were seen in swarms together,
 With their united genius contriving
 To raise their character,—debating whether
 They might not hide their slothful way of living.
 To wipe away this stain upon their race,
 Which from all other animals did part 'em,
 E'en the most worthless swore to mend apace,
 And work at honey-combs, " *secundum artem*."
 But then, hard labour was so disagreeable,
 And, having no experience to rely on,
 They soon discover'd they should never be able
 Thus to obtain the end they had their eye on.
 So they resolv'd to seek a ruin'd hive,
 And taking up the dead bee's skeleton, (he
 Had been much renown'd while yet alive
 For manufacturing the best of honey,)—
 To pay him funeral honours, and to sing
 Above his grave this panegyric glorious—
 That to make wax was meritorious,
 And to make honey was a noble thing!
 Priding themselves upon the thought, they hence
 Raised such a buzzing, that at length a bee,
 Piqued at their folly and impertinence,
 Resolv'd to lecture them, and thus said he:—

"Is this the end of all your hurrying forth?—
Is this the utmost of your undertaking?—
Believe me—all your humming is not worth
One single drop of honey of my making."

How many think to pass for wits and sages,
By praising wits and sages dead and gone!—
And with what triumph they quote others' pages,
Who have no wit or wisdom of their own!

THE OX AND THE GRASSHOPPER.

THE OX was ploughing,—when behind him said
A pert grasshopper, chirping from the ground,
"Dear! what a crooked furrow you have made!"—
"Madam," he answered, gravely turning round,
"Could you have known I drew that furrow wrong,
If all the other ones had not been right?—
Then, for the future, hold your idle tongue,
Nor view my work with your contracted sight.—
"I serve my master faithfully and well,
And he forgives me if I sometimes err."
Thus the small critic's futile censure fell,
And thus the ox replied and silenced her.
Perhaps, this fable those "*savans*" corrects,
Who in great works discover slight defects.

THE PELLITORY AND THE THYME.

I've read, but where I cannot say,
That, in the herbal tongue one day,
The pellitory, thinking fit
Upon the thyme to try her wit,
Accosted him, and then began her
Speech in this malicious manner:—
"God help thee! Thyme,—it grieves my soul
That thou, the sweetest of the whole
Sweet-smelling tribe that bloom around,
Art scarce three inches from the ground!"
"Fair one," he answer'd, "I confess
I am but small, yet ne'ertheless
Remember that I grow alone
Without the help of any one;
While you, my dear, can't grow at all,
Unless you cling fast to a wall."
When on all sides I see up-springing
Men who, to other writers clinging,
Think themselves authors, when they've wrote
A prologue, preface, or a note,
I feel a mighty inclination
T'apply to them the thyme's oration.

R. A.

WIVES OF THE CÆSARS.—No. III.

“Paulatim deinde ad superos Astræa recessit
Hac comite, atq. duce pariter fugere sorores.”—Juv. Sat. 6.

THE unbounded powers confided to Augustus were shared, and to a very great extent directed, by the empress, whose authority in Rome was obviously as strong and active as that of the “Imperial Cæsar.” The city ratified the cession of its freedom by every extravagance of servile flattery; while the judicious prince, who had extinguished the vital spirit of the commonwealth, amused the people by retaining all the immaterial forms and name of the Republic. The provinces followed the example of the capital. They were exhausted by successive wars and the oppression of their irresponsible and rapacious governors; disheartened by the cold neglect or the connivance of the senate, they naturally looked for an alleviation of their sufferings in the new administration of affairs. Peace, on any terms, appeared desirable to countries invariably the victims of a war; and, accordingly, the suffrage of the provinces was clamorous in favour of the usurpation. The kings of foreign countries signified their pleasure at the elevation of Augustus, and rivalled one another in the adulation and priority of their congratulations. Among other demonstrations of their friendship and respect, they raised triumphal arches to his glory, founded cities in honour of his victories, and manifested by every possible evidence their respectful dependence on the amicable feelings of “the father of his country.” In the mass of flattery which foreign potentates bestowed on Cæsar, there was that sameness of profession which generally characterizes the homage of temporizing subservience. But the submission of King Herod of Judea was a memorable exception to the general servility. He was accounted—wherefore it appears not—the ablest politician of his time, and had been the most zealous and faithful partisan of Antony. The ruin of that triumvir, it was expected, would be fatal to King Herod; for Augustus had expressed, and in some instances evinced, his resentment against the coadjutors of his fallen enemy. The monarch of the Jews, whose affairs were much embarrassed by his constancy to Antony, set sail for Rhodes, where he found the emperor, and addressed him in the following strain of magnanimity:—“I have assisted Mark Antony with money, troops, and counsel, and should willingly have rendered him my services in person, had I not been called elsewhere by the exigence of war. I did not abandon him, even after his defeat; my affection did not perish with his fortune; on the contrary, as I was indissolubly pledged to his concerns, I endeavoured to avert his fall, and gave him such advice as zeal and gratitude suggested—advice, which had he followed it, might perhaps have left him happy at the present hour. I strongly urged him to abandon Cleopatra; I endeavoured to impress on his conviction the fatal evils of that protracted intercourse; I pointed to him, as a sol-

dier, the remnant of his army, and bade him look to the recovery of power and fortune. If my attachment to Mark Antony, who honoured me with his esteem and friendship, who enriched me by his benefactions, be a crime—then, Cæsar, I am guilty. Yet, surely, every honest heart would have espoused the part I acted; for who but the basest of mankind could prove unfaithful to a generous patron in the hour of his affliction? I am sensible, thank the gods, to the duties of gratitude and friendship; and you, Augustus, may convince yourself of my sincerity, if you deign to occupy the place in my esteem vacated by the death of Antony. You will find in Herod the same attachment and good faith which he kept inviolately with your former foe.” The generosity of this address propitiated Cæsar, who not only gave his confirmation to the royalty of Herod, but enlarged his kingdom by the appendage of several important cities. The monarch of Judæa, studious of his patron’s favour, built Cæsarea to his fame, and adorned it with two sumptuous temples dedicated to his divinity. He moreover instituted games in honour of his “human god,” and gave a splendid prize as the reward of the victorious competitor; while Livia, anxious to sustain and emulate his flattering munificence, despatched a present of 500 talents to be united with the bounty of the royal parasite.

Livia’s reverend affection for Augustus was instantly reciprocated. He demolished the magnificent and spacious house of his opulent freedman, Pollio, on the sacred way, and built upon its site a portico commemorative of her virtues. But the real testimony of his admiration was more emphatically manifested in his total acquiescence in her wishes, in his unreserved adoption of her opinions, and, shortly, in the palpable participation of the imperial power, which Livia thenceforth more than shared with him to the last of his existence.

It was Livia’s object, by perpetual fascination, to enslave the mind of Cæsar; and she was a consummate mistress of her art. Her personal attractions, it was true, had lost their novelty; yet still the ever-varying charm of mind and manner substituted more than an equivalent of influence on the passion of Augustus. Livia’s nature, both physical and spiritual, was ardent in the extreme; yet policy had so induced, and art had so enabled her to wear the guise of moderation, that Augustus loved in her accomplished artifices the unpretending and submissive ministry of his capricious will. Nor until a much remoter period of his life did the accumulation of domestic sorrows awaken him from the enchantment, which had so despotically and fatally beguiled his unsuspecting satisfaction. Livia was implicitly informed of Cæsar’s passion for Terentia,* the wife of the polite

* *The familiarity of Augustus and Terentia is somewhat too intelligibly represented in the Cameo of Arellius (Monumens de la Vie Privée des 12 Césars), a rare and learned volume, which, notwithstanding, delicacy must exclude from all ACCESSIBLE collections. The author has observed, in speaking of Mécénas, “il eut toujours une passion très vive pour sa femme Téréntia, qui, par son esprit et sa beauté, pouvait le disputer avec Livie: en effet, elle rendit Auguste amoureux, et parmi tant de maîtresses qui recherchaient les bonnes grâces de l’empereur, Téréntia fut une de celles qui régna le plus long-tems; Livie le voyait bien, et contente de dominer, elle fermait les yeux et favorisait*

Mecænas ; from the bottom of her heart she execrated that superlative but faithless beauty ; yet, notwithstanding, in their meetings at the court and elsewhere in the city, Livia's conduct towards her hated rival wore the aspect of serenity and friendship. It has indeed been said, in dereliction of the pride and policy of Livia, that her reproaches were uttered on Terentia, though qualified in such a manner as to shew that she respected in the person of her rival the passion of her husband. But it seems by no means to agree with Livia's artificial character for acquiescence, that she should bitterly arraign Terentia's virtue, and divulge to common notoriety a tolerated intercourse, at once disgraceful to the minister and guilty in the prince. At the same time it must be remembered that the wary Livia herself was not above the empire of lubricity, and that, in spite of her precautions in the public walk of life, some clandestine passages in her demeanour afforded fearful grounds for a provoked recrimination. Livia's comprehensive views were daily cherished, if not by the increasing, at least by the confirmed, devotion of Augustus ; and far from hazarding the one aspiring purpose of her life, by coupling it with any object of a minor and more fretful passion, she skilfully facilitated Cæsar's private pleasures, affecting an impenetrable ignorance of their existence. While meditating the advancement of her sons, she looked with no inactive satisfaction on her accumulated powers. Her influence she regarded less as the consummation than the means of her ambition. Ever mindful of the prodigy which promised empire to her issue, her politic and indefatigable mind was unremittingly employed in compassing its glorious fulfilment. The most important offices, the highest honours, an immediate confidence, were bestowed on both her sons. Tiberius and Drusus, at the head of mighty armies, commanding all the legions, and the delegates of the imperial authority, were incessantly extolled by Livia's vigilant attention to their fame ; and their merits and their favour with Augustus were thus familiarized to the community. Nor indeed was the capacity of Tiberius, in politics or war, unworthy of the eulogy which Livia's venality procured him. Drusus, too, possessing military talent in a similar degree, united every great and noble quality, and formed a splendid contrast with his monstrous brother, who, for the misfortune and indignity of human nature, was destined to survive him.

The young and popular Marcellus, at once the son-in-law and nephew of Augustus, was now the important obstacle to Livia's plans. He was regarded by the Romans generally as Cæsar's heir presumptive and elect ; and Livia had incessantly beheld him with a sinister

même les goûts de son époux ; Mécène ne fut pas toujours si indifférent ; et Dion rapporte que la jalousie s'en mêla, et refroidit pour quelque tems l'amitié d'Auguste pour lui. Cependant Mécène était trop bon courtisan pour éclater ; et un jour qu'Auguste, selon sa coutume, était chez lui, et prenait des libertés un peu trop familières, le bon Mécène, qui voyait tout, feignit de dormir : mais peu après s'apercevant qu'un autre des amis d'Auguste voulait aussi s'émanciper, et profiter de l'occasion, il se tourna aussitôt en disant ; '*non omnibus dormio.*' Ce bon mot fut très célèbre à Rome."

and jealous eye. He perished, to the common consternation, in the flower of life; as some affirmed, by poison—or as others said, by the mistake of Musa* the physician, who fatally prescribed for his complaint the cold baths of Baïæ, which had proved so beneficial to his uncle. But the suspicions of the public fell on Livia. It is impossible to fix on her, by clear and simple proofs, the fact of his assassination; but the concurrent rumours of the day, the pertinent allusions of after writers to traditions which they palpably believed, and, more than all, the subsequent iniquities of Livia in cases of the same precise effect on her ambition, will leave upon the generality of minds an inference of her supposed† atrocity. The premature fate of his intended heir involved Augustus in sincere affliction; for the suspicions entertained, or rather stated, of his having joined with Livia in the crime imputed to her, are in every point of view destroyed by their absurdity. Marcellus was the living source of hope to Cæsar; to Livia's objects he opposed, while living, an insuperable impediment.—“*Suspecti Marcelli vota*” are but slender words on which to found the murderous motives of a relative and benefactor. And Cæsar, in the plenitude of power, could hardly have conceived the dark necessity of bloodshed in his family, to guard his popular and steady government from the impressions of a stripling, who, indeed might unadvisedly pronounce opinions of impracticable freedom, but of which the civil wars and subsequent administration of the reigning chief had disabused all classes of the people. And scarcely had Augustus paid the honours due to the memory of his beloved Marcellus, when his peace of mind was shaken by dark design so famously defeated by the wisdom or the magnanimity of Livia.‡

Pompey's grandson, Cinna, was the chief of a conspiracy revealed by treachery to Cæsar. The traitor who betrayed the secret made a full disclosure of all facts respecting time and place. Augustus was to perish at the altar in an act of sacrifice, and the depositions of the base informant were so ample and precise that Cinna's guilt was

* Antonius Musa was a freedman of Augustus, and brother of Euphorbus, physician to King Juba. He cured Augustus of a distemper by prescribing the cold bath; was rewarded with a considerable sum, an exemption from the public taxes, the freedom of Rome, and a statue which was placed next to that of Æsculapius. Medical practitioners were now first allowed the immunities of Roman citizens. But the same treatment which had cured Augustus proved, as it was said, fatal to Marcellus; and the healing art again relapsed into temporary dishonour.—See Sanadon's note on Horace Epist. i. 13.

† Propertius would affirm (l. 3. El. 18) that Marcellus was drowned at Baïæ—

“His pressus Stygias vultum demisit in undas,
Errat et en vestro spiritus ille lacu.”

But Scaliger rejects the supposition that Propertius was ignorant of the fact, and states the real reason of his affectation—“qui, mortem Marcelli deflens, maluit mendax Liviæ adulari, quam verum dicendo sibi periculum creare.” *In Not. Varior.*

‡ Livia super sexus muliebris conditionem prudentissima erat femina. * * * Livia uxor ejus (Cæsaris) proba et sapiens femina consilium ei dedit, ut inimicos beneficiis et liberalitate vinceret. Ei paruit Augustus * *. Orationem Liviæ quæ ponderibus est prægnantissima.—Vide apud Dion. in Aug. p. 17. *Theatr. Historic. Christian. Matthiæ. Oct. Cæs. Aug.*

incontestibly confirmed. The emperor resolved on justice and severity; and a council of his friends was summoned for the dawn of day. In the anxious interval he was perplexed and agitated by the hard necessity of further bloodshed—and of bloodshed, too, in Pompey's line. The night was almost past in agonizing doubt and perturbation; the troubled spirit of Augustus, distracted by conflicting purposes, was vented in recurring paroxysms of abrupt and contradictory determination. Livia had secretly beheld and overheard the scene of agitation. She seized the moment suited to her purpose, and approached Augustus, who gazed on her with a confused expression of surprise, perplexity, and anguish. They were silent till the emperor, incapable of utterance, implored her by a sign to speak. "I have heard, and seen, and felt the whole of your emotion," said Livia calmly, and soothed him with an air of grave but winning tenderness. "If you are willing to adopt a woman's counsel, listen to me; imitate those physicians, who failing of effect with their accustomed remedies, employ their opposites. Hitherto severity has not availed you. The punishment of one conspiracy has rapidly begot another. Salvidienus, Lepidus, Muræna, Cæpio, and Egnatius paid the forfeit of their lives; and yet with all the peril of the enterprise, is Cinna at the head of a resolved conspiracy. Since, then, severity has failed, see what effect may be produced by clemency. Pardon Cinna; he is discovered, and consequently harmless; and the fame of your forgiveness will propitiate universal admiration and respect." Augustus, who himself was wavering between severity and mercy, was confirmed by Livia's admonition in the latter course. The council of his friends was countermanded; Cinna summoned suddenly, and Cæsar all alone received him. He surveyed him on his entrance with a significant and stedfast look. "Be seated," said Augustus, "and listen to me; when I have finished you may speak. I found you, Cinna, in the army of my enemy. Your situation was less the effect of option than of birth; the son of Pompey naturally was the foe of Cæsar. I granted you your life; I restored to you your patrimony. Your affluence at this very hour provokes the envy and entails on me the censure of the conquering party. You sought the priesthood, I conferred it on you to the disappointment of competitors, whose fathers fought my battles. I have covered you with honour, I have lavished favour on you; and how would you requite these benefactions?—By my death!" Cinna would have spoken and denied; but Cæsar laid his finger on his lip. He then detailed to him the preparations he had made; the name of his accomplices; the individual chosen to inflict the blow; the very altar where his blood was to be spilt. Augustus reasoned with him calmly on the absurdity of his design, and having purposely sustained his doubts and apprehensions by a severe but just remonstrance of two hours' duration, he paused before he came to the important point. Augustus seemed to labour with his purpose; and Cinna, who had passed amidst the guards, was on the brink of fate. "You were my enemy," resumed the former, "and I forgave you: to the character of enemy, you now have added that of parricide—of traitor—"

Cinna became pale and breathless—Augustus clasped his hand; “Cinna—I pardon you again!”*

Cæsar’s conduct had the happiest effects, not only on its individual object, who was ever after faithful and devoted to his benefactor, whom he made his heir, but in its results upon the public feeling. The story was received in Rome with enthusiastic admiration, and so effectually was every heart possessed by Cæsar’s generosity, that his reign was ever after free from plots against his person. Charmed with the effect of Livia’s counsel, by which he had acquired security and fame, Augustus gratefully renewed to her the tokens of his confidence and love, and submitted both his future councils and his fortunes to the sovereign dominion of her will.

Tiberius, whose talents in the field were of the first distinction, had now subdued Illyria and the Germans, whom the recent fate of Varus† had inspired with confidence and resolution. The patriotism of the barbarians was still unbroken; they remembered with pride the exploits of Arminius, and their hopes were stimulated by the presence of the Roman captives in their country, a living monument of their success. The spell of terror was dissolved, and the Romans were compelled to act on the defensive, and eventually to vindicate their arrogant authority by an offensive war. Tiberius had conducted it with signal prudence, valour, and felicity. It was a vital, and indeed a natural part of Livia’s policy, to render the merits of her sons conspicuous to the Roman people. Her influence with the emperor was absolute. Accordingly, no sooner had the laurelled letters‡ of Tiberius been communicated to the senate, than the victor, by the express direction of Augustus, was on his way to Rome to receive the solemn honour due to his achievements. A triumph was itself, in Livia’s apprehension, conclusive of her son’s succession to the throne: for since Agrippa’s settlement of the Cimmerian Bosphorus, on which occasion he modestly declined the triumph decreed him by Augustus, that splendid recompence of military exploits was exclusively confined to the imperial personage. Livia, enveloped in the

* The story here advanced is after Dion Cassius, between whom and Seneca, who both relate the incident, but lay the scene of it in places widely different, the discrepancy was heretofore observed. Lipsius adverts to it in his commentary on the latter author. M. de Voltaire, in speaking of Augustus (*Dict. Philosophique*) with his accustomed quickness has remarked: “Je doute fort de sa prétendue clémence envers Cinna. Tacite ni Suetone ne disent rien de cette aventure. Suetone, qui parle de toutes les conspirations faites contre Auguste, n’aurait pas manqué de parler de la plus célèbre. La singularité d’un consulat donné à Cinna pour prix de la plus noire perfidie n’aurait pas échappé à tous les historiens contemporains. Dion Cassius n’en parle qu’après Sénèque; et ce morceau de Sénèque ressemble plus à une declamation qu’à une vérité historique. De plus, Sénèque met la scène en Gaule, et Dion à Rome. Il y a là une contradiction qui achève d’ôter toute vraisemblance à cette aventure.” But Lipsius imagines that their disagreement as to place does not affect the substance of the narrative:—“Itaque dissensus hic in loco et tempore, non tamen in re, notetur.”—*Comm. in Clement. l. 1.*

† See the exquisite description of the field of slaughter in Tacitus: “Incident mastos locos, visuque ac memoria deformes,” *et seq.*—*Ann. l. 1, cap. 61.*

‡ *Litteræ laureatæ.*

glory of her son, was lavish of expense to give the utmost splendour to the approaching pageant of the conqueror. Since the memorable triumph of Emilius over Perseus, king of Macedon, nothing had approached the grandeur displayed on this occasion. The emissaries of the Palatine had roused the expectation of the people; and from the triumphal gate, by Pompey's theatre, by that of Balbus—in all the wider spaces on the line of the procession, the plebeians, dressed in holiday attire, presented a dense and living mass of eager spectators. The chiefs of the vanquished nations walked in chains; and the lieutenants of Tiberius, who bore, through his solicitation, the triumphal ornaments, accompanied his progress, and enhanced by their celebrity and splendour the pomp of the solemnity. The gorgeous chariot of Tiberius was drawn by four superb white steeds in rich caparison; he himself, arrayed in purple, magnificently wrought in gold with the symbolic palm,* and holding in his hand a laurel branch, was hailed with deafening acclamations. The person of the triumphant chief was eminently fitted to the splendid dignity of the procession; for though his physiognomy revealed to an acute beholder that commingled sarcasm and ferocity, which were the prevailing feelings of his gloomy nature, Tiberius could relieve the stern expression of his countenance with a smile of simulated affability. His figure was symmetrical, robust, and tall; his eyes particularly large and penetrating, and his complexion pale; his locks fell backwards half way down his neck, and the haughty bearing of his head, encircled with the laurel crown, united with his imperturbable and cold demeanour, gave an air of Stoical effect to the superb solemnity in honour of his wise and valorous achievements. The triumphal car was followed by the army of the victor—the companions of his peril, and associates in his glory, each with a branch of laurel in his hand, reciting in enthusiastic hymns the valour of their chief. Augustus, seated in the Tribune of Harangues, presided at the ceremony; and when Tiberius reached the forum, on his progress to the Capitol, he descended from his chariot, and kneeling, rendered homage for his honours to the father of the Roman people! The clamour of the multitude which accompanied the victor on his progress, and resounded through the hills of Rome from the Esqueline to the Janiculum, was instantaneously succeeded by an universal silence. The striking aspect of the moment, far as the eye could reach, the innumerable concourse of devoted citizens, united in a common sentiment of loyalty and reverence, and sharing the generous rapture of their prince—a scene of concord and consummate happiness upon the very site of former faction and ferocity—electrically touched the memory of Augustus; the vivid contrast flashed upon his senses, and an involuntary pang was whelmed in the involving peace and glory of the present hour. Augustus manifested a momentary but profound emotion, to which the ready sensibility of the surrounding multitude replied; Tiberius

* "Romanorum Imperatorum insigne fuit sella curulus, sicut etiam *palmata* toga dicitur, quam merebantur ii, qui de hostibus palmam reportassent."—*Servius*, ad vers. 332. l. 2. *Æneid*.—*Vide et Rosinum de Triumph*, p. 730, 731.

alone preserved a firm and cold composure. As soon as the triumphant victor had regained his car, the pageant solemnly proceeded up the Capitol; and when the public ceremonies of the day were over, Tiberius received the senators and knights at a banquet of extreme magnificence. A thousand tables were plenteously supplied at his expense, to feast the populace of Rome; while Livia, with the aid of Julia, entertained the females of the city with unprecedented luxury and splendour. Livia, in addition, to commemorate the conquests of Tiberius, built a temple in the Capitol to the Deity of Concord; it contained an altar to Augustus, and, among the splendid presents with which she ornamented and enriched her dedication to the goddess, was a piece of chrystal, weighing fifty pounds, and a root of cinnamon, possessed of properties at once miraculous and useless. Having thus far solemnized the glory of Tiberius, Livia was engaged in preparations of equal splendour and extent in honour of the virtuous Drusus; but during the extraordinary reign of vice which flourished with such signal vigour from the date of the imperial power, a sad and premature fatality attended every brilliant hope of piety and talent, that expanded in the vestibule of empire. The moral and religious qualities of Drusus, had destiny preserved him for the throne, ensured the happiness and grandeur of his people. But his victories had scarcely been reported in the Capitol, before the joy of the community was clouded by the tidings of his death. He had subdued the Catti and Sicambri; his successful progress was facilitated by the terror of his name; he had pushed his conquests to the Rhine, and purposed to extend them. But a beauteous vision (such is Dion Cassius's account) accosted him, and sternly fixed the limit of his earthly hopes. "Whither," said the apparition, "doth ambition urge thee? Prince, desist. Thou hast attained the period of thy conquests and thy life." Drusus died while on his journey to the Capitol. Livia's grief was so intense that she required the conversation of philosophers to moderate its violence;* and the senate, to assuage her anguish, by one of those ill-timed and senseless offices peculiar to condolence, conferred on her the privilege by law accorded to the mothers of three children; pretending by a vain illusion to deceive that verity of bitter sorrow, which indulgence only can relieve, and, united with the piety of hope, may gradually soften to the peace of sad but sacred resignation. If Drusus was designed by Cæsar as his heir, his death was, indeed, no trivial misfortune to the people; but their affliction is described as usual with manifest exaggeration. The excessive grief of nations on such events is a picture frequently employed by the beguiling fondness of historians, who contemplate the death of virtue with an honourable sympathy, and inconsiderately ascribe it, with ardour of their

* "Illa in primo fervore, cum maxime impatientes ferocesque sunt miseræ, se consolandam Areo philosopho viri sui præbuit; et multum eam rem profuisse sibi confessa est; plus quàm populum Romanum, quem nolebat *tristem tristitiâ suâ facere*," &c. (Consol. ad Marciam.)—SENEC. Credulity might admit the efficacy of the philosopher; but Rome whelmed in sadness by the sorrow of Livia—this exceeds the very bounds of declamation.—Seneca, in all his flights, has rarely written with such marked extravagance.

fancy, to the indifferent and senseless multitude. If, by the constitution of society, the mass of human nature could derive from royal, or from less exalted dignity, the proximate result of virtue, the sensibility of millions might respond to the calamity of an immediate benefactor. But the virtues of the great are, generally speaking, so obstructed and detained before their blessing falls upon the people, that the charm of their immediacy—the only one with multitudes—is lost upon perceptions of a merely near and instantaneous character. And even if the vulgar nature of mankind were capable of more remote and patient scrutiny, how few are the instances in history that could pretend to such unanimous and deep regret? The worth of Drusus as a soldier was attested by the manly sorrow of the army he had last commanded: his social and domestic virtues by the cordial lamentation of Augustus, Livia, Antonia, and his private friends. These, indeed, are credible and glorious testimonies of desert; and the individual who commands the sorrow of a father, mother, wife; the grief of honourable friendship, and the posthumous applauses of an honest soldiery, may well dispense with flattering inventions and the cold hyperboles of rhetoric. Drusus died in Germany, whither Tiberius had been immediately despatched on the communication of his illness. He arrived in time to witness his decease. The funeral pomp was headed by Tiberius on foot, who led the sad procession from the Rhine. The civic functionaries of the different towns through which it passed, attended it throughout their districts. Augustus, in the depth of winter too, accompanied the corpse from Pavia to Rome. The public mourning was exhibited with suitable magnificence. Tiberius pronounced the funeral oration of his brother, in the Forum; while another was delivered by Augustus in the Flaminian Circus. It is almost needless to observe, the senate, more to mark its homage to Livia and Augustus, than its reverence of the memory of Drusus, was prodigal of fulsome praise and complimentary decrees. The corpse was carried to the Campus Martius by Roman knights and sons of senators; and when consumed, its ashes were collected in an urn and placed in the mausoleum of the Julian family. The epitaph of Drusus in verse, and the history of his life in prose, were written by Augustus; unfortunately, both of them are lost.

Livia's energies now were concentrated in favour of Tiberius. Augustus was advanced in years, and she perceived the positive necessity of giving indefeasible effect to her digested plans. She governed Cæsar so notoriously, that his authority in Rome was second to her own. Her emissaries were diffused throughout the empire; and the will of Livia was achieved with equal certainty on the confines of the farthest province, or in the heart of the metropolis. She had gradually, with a secret but unerring hand, subdued whatever obstacles arose to the succession of her son. Marcellus perished. The union of Agrippa with his widow, Julia, the daughter of Augustus, produced successive offspring; impediments again, which time as certainly removed. Livia spurned compunction. With the talent to corrupt and animate her creatures by the springs of interest, she united the decisive vigour of a mind that wielded fear with an inex-

orable spirit. Her operations were conducted with impenetrable secrecy ; the greatest strokes of her iniquity were dealt in silence ; and though suspicion might descend upon her crimes, to prove them baffled all the vigilance of curiosity and hatred. Caligula, when young, observed, " she was a new Ulysses* in disguise." But notwithstanding the precautions of the empress, the successive accidents which fatally removed the kindred of Augustus, and thereby opened the succession to Tiberius, awakened the accusing rumours of the city. The sudden deaths of Caius and Lucius Cæsar, the sons of Julia and Agrippa, and whom Augustus had adopted and distinguished by the highest honours of the state, were commonly considered the result of Livia's remorseless and ambitious policy. Not only consanguinity—the resplendent merits of these youths—appeared to justify the choice of Cæsar, and render his selection grateful to the Roman people. Lucius died when on his journey to the Spanish armies ; Caius, when returning from Armenia, and suffering—though not severely—from a wound.†

Augustus saw the only male remaining member of his family in Posthumus, the son of Julia and Agrippa, and adopted him conjointly with Tiberius as heir to the imperial dignity. But Livia, far from being satisfied at this designed partition of the sovereignty, resorted to her devices. She resolved to vilify the character and conduct of the guiltless but ungainly Posthumus ; her designs were rendered somewhat easy by the personal and mental nature of the prince, for he was coarse and ignorant ; and such was the effect of her invective, and the strength of her ascendant on the reason or the will of Cæsar, that the object of her jealousy was sacrificed and sent into exile on the lonely island of Planasia. This measure of Augustus was flagrantly unpopular ; the Romans saw in his despotic treatment of his family the acquiescence of a man, whose faculties were obviously enfeebled by old age, and whose imperial power was wielded by the daring genius of a cruel and ambitious female. Nor was the emperor himself insensible to that severity of fate, by which his numerous descendants were cut off from the imperial heritage ; he secretly and bitterly complained of his bereavement to his private friends, and actuated by a deep emotion of returning nature, communed with himself upon the banishment of Posthumus Agrippa. He found with equal shame and sorrow, that the exile of that prince was utterly unmerited ; he perceived, too, from the agency by which it had been artfully effected, the immoderate passion and aspiring object of his wife. He was touched with the penitent and affectionate resolution to repair the injury he had inflicted on Agrippa, and determined on a secret visit to the solitary isle, to which his credulous compliance had consigned him.

Augustus left the Palatine at dead of night, accompanied by Fa-

* Or it may be freely rendered " an Ulysses in petticoats." " Liviam Augustam proaviam Ulysses stolatum identidem appellans."—*Sueton. in Calig.* " Stola apud Romanos pudicarum matronarum insigne."—*Sabell. in Sueton.*

† " L. Cæsarem, euntem ad Hispanienses exercitus, Caium, remeantem Armenia et vulnere invalidum, mors fato propra vel novercæ Liviæ dolus abstulit."—*Tacit. Ann. l. c. 3.*

bius Maximus, a senator, to whom alone of all his friends he had imparted the intention of his journey. They went from Rome by the Prænestine gate, in order that their destination might be unsuspected, should their persons accidentally be recognized on their egress from the city. On the outside of the walls a *cisium* was in attendance for the emperor and his companion; and turning to the west the utmost expedition was employed by their conductors to place them in the neighbourhood of Centum-Cellæ. There the travellers alighted, and traversing the beautiful and famous verdures on the lower part of the acclivity,* they sought, by the appointed flourish of a cornet, and the appearance of a scout upon a rising ground, an unfrequented nook, in which a pinnacle, by the Romans called a *celox*, was in readiness for their reception. The pilot of the vessel, watching the points and headlands of the coast, pursued his course for the Igilian straits. The weather was serene; the influence of the placid evening absorbed Augustus in a dream; his looks were rivetted on the Etrurian shore, the land of augury and omens; but the breeze, which freshened as the pinnacle passed between the island and the main, recalled him to a painful sense of his condition. He was the master of the universe, and yet domestic influence had so enchained him, that he was driven secretly to execute the duties of a prince, and to indulge the affection of a near progenitor. The sun was rapidly declining; he looked with an admiring yet a wistful eye upon its golden orb, and as its descent behind the woody mountains of Igilium† gradually darkened the glowing beauties of the Tuscan coast, the bitterness of grandeur crossed his sinking spirit. The premature decease of Lucius, Caius, and Marcellus awakened all the tenderness of memory, and filled him with prophetic fears for Posthumus Agrippa. At the moment, a sweet but simple song of shepherds was wafted from the shore; Augustus listened, leaning towards the land, his eyes filled with tears, and he was heard by Maximus to utter, with a tremulous articulation, the verses of the lovely pastoral of Maro,—

“Atque utinam ex vobis unus, vestrique fuisset
Aut custos gregis, aut maturæ vinitor uvæ!”

on which he hid his features in his *penula*, till twilight covered his emotion. The pilot now, relying on the stars, and studious of the winds, and casting the *molybdis* warily from time to time, stood straight for the offing of Port Telamon; and thence, under favour of the cool Etesian breeze, dropped gently down upon Planasia by the break of day. The island lies so low‡ that, unexpected as he was, the landing of Augustus was effected without the previous knowledge

* “Evocatus in consilium à Cæsare nostro ad Centum Cellas (hoc loco nomen) longe maximam cepi voluntatem; * * villa pulcherrima cingitur viridissimis agris; imminet littori, cujus in sinu quam maximus portus, velut amphitheatrum.”—*Plin. L. 6. Epist. 31.* See also, *Rutilius, de laudibus urbis, Etruriæ et Italiæ*, 1520, in 4to.

† “Eminus Igilii silvosa cacumina miror.”

Rutilii, L. 1, v. 325.

‡ “Videtur eadem quæ Plinii *Planaria* (l. 3, c. 6) a specie dicta, *æqualis fretis*, ideoque navigiis fallax.”—*Cellar. Geogr. Antiq. l. 2, c. 10.*

of Agrippa, who was discovered lying by a cavern on the shore. The emperor beheld before him his only male descendant extant, the issue of his only child, the son of that intrepid warrior and faithful counsellor and friend, to whose ability in arms, and wisdom in advice, he owed his early triumphs and the eventual strength of his authority. He had been sacrificed by arts, too late detected; and Agrippa offered to his sight a reproachful instance of injustice and unnatural desertion. The feelings of Augustus were embittered by the affectionate reception of his grandson; the tears of the unconscious youth were shed upon the hand that dealt his injuries; their interview was short and poignant. Augustus had beheld enough, and formed his resolution: and taking an abrupt departure, with Agrippa ever present to his eyes, and overwhelmed with shame and sadness by a crowd of irrepressible reflections, the emperor regained the Palatine, as he imagined, after a concealed and unsuspected journey. He had, however, on his arrival, the mortification to find that Livia was mistress of his secret. Maximus, the only person who was privy to his journey, and to whom perhaps he had imparted its momentous objects, had disclosed the emperor's intentions to his wife; who had again revealed them to the vigilant and jealous empress. The indiscreet loquacity of Maximus, the error of a weak capacity, was possibly the cause of Cæsar's fate. The aged emperor, with sufficient feeling to deplore, and even to repair the wrongs of Posthumus Agrippa, if free from Livia's influence, needed but the time to bring him safely to the capital. When there, the equitable dispositions of his atonement, might possibly have triumphed over Livia's interference and devices; for the Roman people would have hailed the restoration of a youth combining the beloved remembrance of Augustus and Agrippa. But the unfortunate disclosure of Maximus proved fatal to whatever plan the justice or affection of the emperor had formed. Livia was equally indignant and alarmed when she discovered that Augustus had a secret project. Her apprehensive mind too readily perceived the nature of a plan, in which the exiled Posthumus was destined to sustain a part; her violent reproaches, mingled still with all the simulated suffering of wronged affection, effectually restrained the progress of Augustus in his scheme; and Livia, now mistrustful of the emperor's intentions, in the fullness of her power and the maturity of all her plans, was shortly placed by his decease beyond the influence of his suspected reformations. And here again the arts of Livia are by some supposed to have secured, by Cæsar's death, the object of her complicated crimes. The objection raised by an intelligent and elegant historian,* that Cæsar's

* "Cependant la santé d'Auguste déperissait, et quelques uns soupçonnaient que le crime de sa femme y avait part; comme si un vieillard dans sa soixante et seizième année, d'une complexion naturellement très faible, avait besoin de poison pour mourir."—*Crevier Hist. des Empereurs. Aug. l. 3.* It must always be remembered that M. Crevier was liable to the charge of inconsistency. Who would have supposed that, after the enumeration of other excellence, he calls Augustus "bon et fidèle ami; père tendre, mais malheureux, bon frère, bon mari;" and that, in speaking of the peace of his last moments, he should add, "bonheur de peu de conséquence, puisqu'il devait finir, et être remplacé par une éternité de supplices!"—*Ibid.*

age was so advanced as to render useless the treacherous anticipation of his death, is but a feeble refutation of suspicions, founded on the motives of a first mistrust, on the impatience of ambition and the well-attested guilt of a cruel and remorseless nature. Livia had discovered, for the only time in her career, that Cæsar entertained a project to which she was a stranger. Posthumus Agrippa, hitherto neglected and disowned, had recently become the object of his anxious care; the splendid hope of her existence was abruptly darkened; and Cæsar's health began to languish visibly from the date of that discovery. Dion Cassius mentions the report, that Livia had impregnated some figs with poison while upon the tree; and that, in plucking and presenting them (his favourite fruit) to Cæsar, she ensured, with her accustomed subtlety, his gradual but certain dissolution. Augustus was attacked while on his route to Beneventum with Tiberius, and the symptoms of his illness favoured the suspicion of his wife's iniquity. In a state of weakness rapidly increasing, he moved by easy journeys along the beautiful Campanian coast, and visited the islands in its neighbourhood. He sojourned four whole days in Capreæ, where he enjoyed an intermission of his sufferings. From Capreæ he passed to Naples, and eventually to Beneventum, where he parted with Tiberius, who was destined for Illyricum. At Nola, on his road to Rome, his malady assumed its fatal character, when Livia instantly despatched a courier to her son. Tiberius hastened to obey the summons; and, to shew the strong discrepancy in statements of events, the most momentous even, it may be observed, that Suetonius and Paterculus affirm the coming of Tiberius in sufficient time to hold a long and serious conversation with the emperor while on his death-bed; and Tacitus, upon the other hand remarks, it was uncertain whether Cæsar was alive on his arrival. Livia gave positive directions that all the roads to Nola should be strictly guarded; and access to the emperor was interdicted to all persons of whatever rank, unless supplied with the permission of the empress, who fed the popular anxiety, from time to time, with qualified intelligence, directing its dispersion in the neighbouring towns, and transmitting it to Rome by periodical despatches. Augustus on the last day of his life was sensible of his approaching end; his sufferings had subsided. To such friends as were permitted to behold his dissolution, he addressed the question, "had he well sustained the part allotted to him in the play of human life?" The apartment where he lay was that in which his father died; he surveyed it with serene remembrance, and having ordered every one but Livia to depart, he suddenly expired with the pathetic valediction, "Livia, conjugii, nostri memor, vive et vale!"

The death of Augustus was for some short time concealed by Livia's policy; and when the calamity (for such in truth it was) was published to the people, his will declared Tiberius his successor to the sovereignty. The memory of Cæsar was glorified with all imaginable pomp; Livia conferred on him the honours of apotheosis; and Atticus, the senator, affirmed that he had seen his soul ascend to the celestial realms. Temples, altars, and a priesthood were consecrated to the new divinity; Livia was herself among the number of

the last ; and as Cæsar's testament adopted her into the Julian family, she was now the widow, daughter, and priestess of her "immortal husband." The earliest act of his successor was a faithful indication of his hypocritical and bloody character.* With the praises of Augustus on his lips, at the moment of his solemn declaration that his future conduct should be strictly governed "by his father's" will, he despatched an order for the murder of Agrippa. The centurion charged with the commission, no sooner was discovered by his victim in Planasia, than Agrippa guessed his sanguinary object ; and such was the vigour of the unarmed but desperate youth, that the murderer, with the advantage of weapons on his side, was barely able to achieve his purpose. When the officer returned to intimate the execution of Agrippa, Tiberius disclaimed the order for his death, and threatened the centurion with the judgment of the senate. But Salust, who had signed the cruel mandate, and feared alike conviction on the one hand, and on the other, if absolved, the emperor's resentment, appealed to Livia in the double peril of his situation. He knew by what insidious arguments to touch the pleasure of the empress. He sustained the irresponsible authority of Cæsar in acts of such extreme necessity ; declared the danger of a precedent, which admitted the control of an inferior order in the state ; and so effectually satisfied and flattered the despotic principles of Livia and her son, that rather than permit inquiries which might prejudice the minister or prince, it was determined to allege the orders of Augustus, and the murder of Agrippa was accordingly ascribed to his directions. And such was the incredible debasement of the Roman spirit, that the authors of the deepest crime that human wickedness can perpetrate, escaped the open accusation of a single tongue. Not even could the general conviction of their guilt subdue the clamour of their parasites, who outraged decency and reason with their mean and infamous applause. The greedy appetite for adulation had so disgraced all ranks of the community, that language and invention were exhausted to encumber Livia and Tiberius with new and honourable designations. But the latter soon discovered his impracticable temper ; for the shrewd and sullen tyrant, observing that the servile spirit of the people advanced his mother's powers proportionately with his own, affected to discourage this inordinate subservience. Employing the expressions of a modest gratitude, he artfully rebuked the unsuspecting confidence which greeted his authority. At the same time he emphatically stated his objection to the increase of his mother's honours, whose privileges were already greater, he observed, than became the station of a female "in a commonwealth," and which he thenceforth signified his pleasure to curtail of their excess. The limitation of her power, ungracious as it might be in its emanation from Tiberius, was a measure of unquestionable prudence. Livia was not content with the extravagant concessions of the senate ; she affected to postpone the very laws to her caprice ; the keenest and most hazardous affront that tyranny can offer to servility itself. A striking instance of her insolence occurred in Urgulania's case. She* was the

* "Vocata in jus Urgulania, quam supra leges amicitia Augustæ (Livie) extulerat."—TACIT. *Annal.* l. 2. c. 34, *et al.*

favourite of Livia, and was cited by authority before a competent tribunal; but she was bold enough, relying on the empress's protection, to spurn the summons, and demand that her defensive depositions should be taken by a prætor, specially deputed for that purpose to her private dwelling. In these exorbitant pretensions the favourite was indecently maintained by Livia's effrontery. She was indignant and amazed that the authority of law contested her superiority; and interceded with Tiberius to espouse her arrogant assumption. She had, however, read but ill the rigid humour of her son, who silently condemned the contumacy of her dependant; and beheld with secret satisfaction an irrevocable judgment given in the case, by which the favourite was compelled to pay a weighty sum, which Livia lent her for that purpose. To her, who in the life-time of Augustus had exercised unlimited authority, and who had furthermore conferred the power by which her own was secretly curtailed, the humiliation was offensive to the last degree. Tiberius listened to her violent remonstrances with a cynical composure which embittered her disgust, and taught her to expect the subsequent restrictions of his morose and jealous policy. Yet, notwithstanding the ungracious conduct of her son, such was the ardour of her inveterate ambition, that her apprehensions were incessantly alive to every possibility by which the permanence of his authority might be endangered.

Germanicus,* the son of Drusus and Antonia, was equally distinguished by his talents and his virtues. His achievement in the German war had proved him a consummate captain; and the generous and loyal promptitude, with which he quelled the insubordination of his army, and repelled the offer of the empire, thrice repeated to him by the soldiery, deserved the confidence and gratitude of Tiberius. But the sinister suspicions of the mother and the son beheld in the affection of the legions—who adored Germanicus—the precarious tenure of their own detestable authority; and thenceforth viewed with envy and mistrust the popular ascendant of a military chief, whose virtues darkened by their contrast the palpable demerits of the reigning prince. Livia and Tiberius were little scrupulous of means, when consulting their ambition or security; and instruments of guilt were always ready at the court of Rome to purchase, by atrocity however deep, the grace and favour of the great. Germanicus was therefore to be sacrificed. Beyond the confirmation of her son's authority, Livia had a strong incentive to the act, in her hate of Agrippina, the worthy consort of so great and good a man. She was the presiding favourite in Rome; her illustrious descent endeared her to the people; her virtue was the theme of common approbation, at a season when

* "Juveni civile ingenium, mira comitas et diversa à Tiberii sermone, vultu, arrogantibus et obscuris. * * 'nobilitatem ducis, decorem' alius, plurimi, 'patientiam, comitatem, per seria, per jocos eundem animum' laudibus ferrent: * * neque multo post extinguitur, ingenti luctu provinciæ et circumjacentium populorum. Indoluerunt extraneæ nationes, Regesque; tanta illi comitas insocios, mansuetudo in hostes; visuque et auditu juxta venerabilis, cum magnitudinem et gravitatem summæ fortunæ retineret, invidiam et arrogantiam effugerat." —*Tacit. Ann.* l. i. l. 2. in loc.

immodesty and vice appeared elsewhere inseparable from the character of wealth and grandeur ; her reputation was beyond the breath of censure, and was triumphantly compared by her admirers with the fame of Livia, which evidently suffered by the contrast. Agrippina, too, possessing an inherent pride, disdained to mingle with the crowd of Livia's parasites, who rendered homage little short of adoration to a woman of imperious temper and wielding a despotic power, acquired with infamy and bloodshed. Germanicus was now at Antioch: the very distance of the place from Rome was favourable to the tranquil execution of the plan by which he was to perish. The secret ministers of death were Piso and his wife Plancina. Their treacherous iniquity was discovered—but too late ; and the unfortunate Germanicus, bemoaning on his death-bed his untimely fate, besought his friends to publish and avenge his murder. When the intelligence was brought to Rome, Tiberius, to avert suspicion, affected an inconsolable grief ; but his hypocrisy was unavailing, for his order to destroy Germanicus by poison had been seen in Syria in the hands of Piso. His guilt was placed beyond a doubt, when Agrippina seeking vengeance from the senate, was openly discountenanced by his indifference, while Livia, spurning the opinion of the people, publicly bestowed her favour on Plancina, and employed the strength of her authority to shield a known and infamous delinquent.

Germanicus being thus disposed of, the fears of Livia were dispelled ; and as her jealousy had now no further sacrifice to seek, she confined herself entirely to the active exercise of power ; for notwithstanding the repugnance of Tiberius to the increase of her influence, he knew that he could no where delegate authority more safely, or intrust it to more resolute or skilful hands. Besides, he counterpoised it by the presence of his minister, on whom again his mother was a vigilant and firm restraint. Tiberius despised the pageantry and forms as much as he affected the reality of power ; and eagerly availed himself of such secure tranquillity at Rome, to wallow in the sensual obscenities of his retreat. A female paragon of crime, united with a pampered minion of authority, the instruments of an unnatural, a cruel, and an absent tyrant, dispensed a reckless despotism in the city of the Catos, the Gracchi, and the Scipios. The prostituted senate deified the persons and eulogized the guilt of a contemptuous oppression. Such was the condition of the Roman capital in the latter days of Livia Drusilla, by odious adulation termed "the mother of her country." The latest flattery of the unblushing senate assigned the female who was privy to, or directly instrumental in the murder of Marcellus, of Caius, Lucius—perhaps Augustus Cæsar—of Posthumus Agrippa, and the glorious Germanicus—a seat among the Vestals in the theatre. The audacity of Livia was equalled by her hypocrisy ; she was lavish of magnificent donations to the temples of the gods ; and Jerusalem was distinguished from all other cities by the superior splendour of her gifts. The remnant of her life was passed in the administration of affairs ; her health and faculties were vigorous till the last. She attributed the long continuance of both to the habitual use of Pucine wine and a preserve, on which she latterly

subsisted.* In her eighty-sixth year Livia felt the approach of death. The tidings were conveyed to Capreæ; but Tiberius, sunk in his debaucheries, and possibly afraid to trust at Rome his hateful person, or ashamed to shew a body bearing the impressions of disease, excused himself from his attendance on his dying mother. She expired in evident disgust at his unnatural neglect. Caligula, her grandson, the future emperor of Rome, pronounced her funeral oration, and placed her ashes in the mausoleum of Augustus. The character of Livia can only be established by the facts related in her life. It is hardly requisite to controvert the flattering impertinence which founds her virtue on the necessary intervals of her iniquity. She never shrunk from crime when it ensured or even promised any object of extreme solicitude: her capacity was vast, her mind decisive, and her spirit bold; hypocrisy was her prevailing art, though utterly inadequate to choke the sins of her ambition, which were marked with persecution, cruelty, revenge, and bloodshed.

 THE BIRTHDAY.

My trembling fingers touch the lyre once more,
 Trembling with dread of all they must deplore;
 For each sad echo works a sadder spell,
 To draw reluctant *memory* from her cell.—
 And my worn bosom, which with sighs must strive,
 Both wails, and wonders, as again revive
 Those strains so soft, so sweet, that mock our ear,
 With all that flatters, and forsakes us—here.—
 Hark—it is Hope, whose charming preludes ring,
 And pleas'd, we play upon the treach'rous string!
 Hark—it is Joy's full diapason float—
 And how entranc'd, and eager, is the note!
 Oh, spare me—spare me—be oblivion mine—
 If I remember—shall I not repine?
 Can the weak mortal stem the double care
 Of all that time must banish—time must bear.

Our pearls lie melted in life's acid cup,
 And—shall we *love it*—as we lift it up?
 No! red ripe lips whose dimples long to laugh,
 Change to a pensive paleness as they quaff;
 And eyes, like suns, weep that their fervid noon
 Has warm'd too little—and has past too soon!

L. P.

* 'Inula' (officinis 'Enula Compana') per se stomacho inimicissima; eadem dulcibus mixtis saluberrima. Pluribus modis austeritate victa gratiam invenit
 ** defectus præcipue stomachi excitat, illustrata maxime Julæ Augustæ (Livie) quotidiano cibo."—*Plin. Nat. Hist.* l. 19, c. 29. Doctor Hooper says, "It was formerly in high estimation in dyspepsia, pulmonary affections, and uterine obstructions, but is now fallen into disuse."—*Med. Dic.* The wine alluded to was the produce of the grape planted along the Adriatic Sea, or Gulf of Venice, upon a stony and rugged hill, not far from the source of the Timavus, and was thought to have received some of its valuable qualities from the vapours of the sea.

SECRET MEMORANDUMS,

FOUND AMONG THE PAPERS OF THE LATE BRADSHAW ELLWORTHY,
A CONTRIBUTOR TO ALL THE MAGAZINES.

MAGAZINE reading is one of the private delights of social existence ; but magazine writing is one of the most laborious tasks in nature. A few years of such occupation is almost too great a trial both for the powers and patience of humanity. To read "an excellent number" is to be in a *parterre* of paradise ; but to "contribute" is to be in purgatory. To loiter in poetic mood through a beautiful garden, and pick and choose the most alluring peaches, grapes, nectarines, figs, plumbs or luscious pears (some people like a cold carrot to scrape and nibble at, or the long crispness of a squared cabbage-stalk) ; to pluck the violet and the lemon-plant, as we saunter carelessly along, or nuzzle the whole face into a bed of roses, is an exquisite enjoyment of existence : but compare this with the incessant toil of the experimentalizing horticulturist and florist ; or more properly with that of any under-gardener who is required to have all the same knowledge—besides "all the fag," and the difference between reading magazines and *writing* for them is quite manifest. Yet no : it is not so very manifest either : it is only explicit to the understanding ; for who can feel its full force save those who have "suffered in the cause ?"

If I had my life to come over again, I would follow some lucrative trade, in order that I might retire at a future period upon one hundred and ten pounds per annum, having nothing else to do for the remainder of my earthly sojourn but read magazines : all the new ones that come out, and the Retrospective for my standing stock ! But this "devout consummation" can never be realized. Let me for a moment forget my own sad lot : let me send howling into oblivion—would it could be a lasting one !—the memory of all my drudgery of racking brain and scrambling pen, as a contributor : let me fancy myself a man of independent property—a prince commanding a wide domain of leisure—one of the elect—a king of time—a creature born to infinite good luck ;—a gentle reader !

We look forward to our favourites of the monthly batch, as the intellectual peers that are to enhance our knowledge, strengthen our understanding, and in the course of their pages amuse and tickle our fancies, even like a "motley-minded gentleman." The quarterly periodicals are more grave, sententious, and apart. They are too reverend, dictatorial, and stilted, to be approached lightly ; and the true Magazine Reader accordingly gives preference to the less assumptive and more familiar births of the month, whose faces he sees oftener, and with whom he is consequently so much better acquainted. Anticipative of pleasure, instruction, and excitement, we await their arrival on the appointed day ; counting the tardy hours and lagging pace of the stupid, wooden-legged, insensible old or young fool who is to bring them to us ; thrumming the table with

our fingers, or parading the room with the paper-knife in our grasp, now feeling its edge, now tapping the teeth with it, now carving the unresisting air ! But we feel that we are not indulging in vain hopes—that they will arrive at last ! And then—whether in the snug little parlour ; the pensive attic ; the soft-shadowed drawing-room ; the cigar divan ; the green arbour in the country ; or the fresh, breezy sands of the watering place ; we know that we shall find a fund of delight in reading them, as we pick our way through the pages that contain so many “striking articles !” They are *written* under very different circumstances, and in most cases with very different feelings. I can indulge in these fond imaginations no longer ! Alack the day ! I am grown bald in driving the grey goose quill over unnumbered fields—white acres—of paper ; not to pasture and grow fat upon them, but to add to their fertility. I am not “a gentle reader ;” I am a mere contributor.

But, though I am now become old and enfeebled in my literary campaign, I am just where I was when I began ! For me there is no reading retirement—no pension. I have not been able to save one guinea. Yet in speaking of my beginning, there are sundry explanations to be made ; and a brief account of them may be amusing to many, and instructive “to those whom it may concern.” When a young gentleman’s hand, after very long practice, has got well broken in ; and he has become competent, both from natural and acquired ability, to write a piquant critique ; take up a topic of the day with skill, judgment and humour ; or write a good original article ; the difficulty of getting his gratuitous contributions inserted in one or other of the Magazines, is by no means great. The difficulty is in getting paid for them. This is what I mean by a beginning. And a very arduous one it is to effect ; as almost every magazine writer has found. Be your article of what value it may (except some extraordinary fresh news, or other temporary excitement), only drop into the corner of your note to the editor, that “the usual terms” are expected, and back comes the paper you thought so excellent, as sure as a gun. Being unknown, you are nobody—you can do nothing ; or if you can—keep it. The establishment is full already : your assistance is not wanted. The *regular* contributors would look upon you as an ogre !—here’s a strange fellow, who wants to be paid !

Independent of the prejudice against, or the indifference to, an unknown pen, with the character of whose interloping scrawl, the Editorial Eye can have no acquaintance, nor his feelings any sympathy ; the admission of an article to be paid for, from a new hand, calls for a profound calculation touching the funds of the periodical in question. The article in itself, it may be well worth while to purchase ; but then they know at head-quarters, from long experience, that the acquaintance will not cease there. They cannot, for this time, give the tyro his bonus, and then there’s an end of the matter ; for having once tasted the sweets of magazine writing, they are sure to receive another article next month from the dancing author, accompanied by a note as characteristic for its nonchalance as the first was for its modest ice-breaking timidity. It is evident that the audacious individual is bent on becoming a Regular Contributor ! He even goes

so far as to say so in his second note!—merely expecting “the same terms!” This does not at all suit their arrangements; but it is exceedingly difficult to get rid of him. Month after month he perseveres, until the tenour of his note to the editor, by melancholy gradations, returns to his pristine humility; and after this he gives it up. He is heard of no more; unless perhaps by an abortive last effort six months after, in the vain hope of his hand and style not being recognized. A man may easily meet with a rebuff by presuming too much upon his popularity; but when you are reduced to build upon your obscurity, it is generally a lost case indeed. It is not unlike those cunning folks who anticipate a large prize in the lottery, chiefly because they keep it a profound secret that they have bought a sixteenth.

But, besides all these difficulties attending the luckless being who wishes “to start” as a periodical writer, there is another most important one inherent in the individual nature of these luminaries of the month. It stares you in the face as a very simple fact—when you know it; but, whether other writers have been equally slow, or that Bradshaw Ellworthy was the stupidest of men, it is very certain that, having no advisers, he was a long time in making the discovery. And this is the self-evident truth which, directly I have uttered it, will probably subject me to the laughter of all writers—even of those who never knew it before. That article which is just the thing for a certain magazine, will be the last, for that very reason, which will suit any other! It is almost the same, even with newspapers. Now, all young gentlemen, you can understand, not only why your admirable article was declined by the periodical you first sent it to, but also why it ran the gauntlet through all the rest, and finally returned to you, ragged, dirty, and blotted with black and red ink—the natural wounds and disfigurements of so arduous a campaign!

The introduction of so much politics, as we at present find in most of the magazines, is a downright abomination. The progress of the social machine has induced it; but the mark has been over-shot, and hence, as I believe, the decrease in sale of many of these periodicals. After some forty thousand newspapers “crammed with politics” being inflicted upon us daily, the public want something very different at the end of the month. The heads of the family may have no great objection perhaps; but all the other branches who have a large and persevering influence, crave for general literature and amusement. And this was the opinion that was acted on when I first became a contributor. Woeful have been the consequences to the circulation of many, by their over-doing the degree of change that was requisite. Each magazine, however, has always had its peculiar tone of politics, and to make this pervade it directly or indirectly throughout, constitutes one of the chief cares of its conductor. To write an article, therefore, upon any subject which shall exactly chime in with all the principles and peculiarities of any given periodical, requires an eye like that of the editor himself. Nor is this the only difficulty; for every editor has his peculiar idiosyncrasy as well as his magazine. Each periodical has its own particular channel; and to know exactly what sort of cargo, amount of tonnage, and number of guns, will sail

down this with safety, satisfaction, and success, does not require much more consideration than whether the pilot will see the chart from the same point of view, and what good things he can appreciate, and what he cannot.

It may now be asked, by those who are anxious to shine in periodical literature, "and pray, Mr. Ellworthy, how in the world did you manage to become a contributor to *all* the magazines? You must have played your cards after some very extraordinary fashion?" The question is easily answered; though to act upon the reply will be found laborious enough, to say the least of it. I gained my footing—don't talk of shining—by inexhaustible perseverance; and I kept my position, and thence gradually edged my papers into the various magazines, journals, &c. by *tact*, the result of long practice, and the experience derived from innumerable failures. If then, oh, devoted youth! thou would'st aspire to become a contributor to the periodical literature of thy country, listen to a brief account of my early efforts towards the same end.

I shall begin, my dear deluded sir, by exhorting you very seriously to choose any other profession instead; nay, or any trade. My exhortation shall not be fatiguing to you, nor can you complain of its lengthiness, inasmuch as it is now concluded. Since no one yet that I ever knew, cared a straw about receiving advice, or profited by it when volunteered, so I confess that the above warning was merely introduced to ease my own conscience, and not with any vain moralizing notion that it would in the least deter you from following your inclination, and indulging in all the usual fallacies of sanguine humanity.

After the rejection of innumerable gratuitous articles of all kinds during several years, I at length got the knack of doing what was "wanted," and beheld myself in print! It was a day of exquisite exultation and triumph after so many failures. I could not eat my dinner, but walked about with a secret sense of dignity, like a great man *incog.*, wondering whether the folks I passed who were reading in the park, had any idea that I was a Contributor? I paraded in front of the Office continually in the course of the week, and purchased three numbers of the magazine, so that the editor might discover the circulation had increased in consequence of my article.

The summit of bliss is, however, an evanescent pinnacle; and all the time and indefatigable efforts employed to reach it cannot make it endure beyond a very brief period. Some half-a-dozen papers subsequently *appeared*!—and the charm of being in print was at an end. I now thought of being paid. Little did I think that this consummation was so far removed from the position I had then gained, and that the attempt was in fact the commencement of a fresh campaign. The transition from a gratuitous contributor to one who received his eight or ten guineas per sheet, seemed only in the natural course of things, just as one step follows another. I saw no wide gap yawning between, down which an author was liable to fall; no conflicting interests; no estimate of funds; no calculation of the extent of circulation; no establishment quite full. It never struck me there could be any difficulty in the matter. If an article was worth

inserting, surely it was worth paying for? But now, upon slipping into the bottom of my note to the editor that "the writer would be happy to receive the usual terms of emolument," paper after paper was politely declined, without my being able to conjecture what the devil was the occasion of it? I read and re-read the rejected articles, and sometimes I fancied I saw what was amiss in them, and very often I did not. I tried them elsewhere in their most corrected state: but no, it would not do; the result was always the same.

The important truth gradually broke upon me. The fault was not in my articles; nor was there, perhaps, any fault in the editor—it was the mutual misfortune of a want of money. An article might be a very good one to insert; but it might not at all suit the arrangements of the magazine to pay for it. Seeing things to be in this state, and having already wasted so much time in my efforts to become a contributor, I now made a staunch resolve to accomplish my end by acting practically upon an elaborate calculation of chances. In pursuance of this, I noted down the titles of nine periodicals, whose circulation was the most extensive, and whose funds were consequently in the best condition; and I then wrote nine articles on subjects as varied as possible, in my very best style. A scientific and patient use of these would put me in possession of eighty-one chances. So I got a little tally-book, and writing down the titles of the nine periodicals each on a separate page, with the titles of my nine articles under every one of them, I carefully crossed out the articles as they were successively rejected, and by these means avoided sending the same one a second time to the same periodical. After ringing the changes in this manner with the most exemplary fortitude during about a year and a half, (for I often had to wait some time before I had my papers returned, besides having to transcribe such as were worn out with service), one of my papers took root, and at the seventy-fourth chance I received five guineas for the insertion of half a sheet. The paper was entitled "The Man of many Sorrows." It was a story about an old bachelor in Germany, who dreamt every night that he was married to a couple of wives. It appeared in the *New Twaddler*, March 1st. * * *

Now was "the winter of my discontent made glorious summer!" I wrote other articles and handled them in the same persevering manner, till I gradually became a "regular paid contributor!" What ill luck could resist a man who entered the field with eighty-one chances? From that hour eighty-one became as the graven image of my destiny!—the number of my astrological house;—my seal held up on high;—my panacea against disaster;—my battering ram!—my armed host, before whose complex powers the difficulties that beset all life, especially a literary one, were compelled to succumb; penetrated on all sides, exhausted, worn out, and even glad to give in, rather than be at the incessant pains of knocking down a man who could get up again eighty-one times! * * *

I understand your hint about posterity. It is a thought which has given me considerable pain at different periods of my life. That a man should devote so many years to literature, and yet never

transmit his name to future times, is in itself a sufficiently melancholy reflection; but when he considers that if he ever should be drawn out into the light from his anonymous obscurity, and his fragmentary members be put together, all the little posthumous fame he might acquire is liable to be damped by the charge of a want of principle being brought against him, it is a possible contingency of so grievous a nature to my feelings, that I would rather die away entirely and go out like a mutton luminary, whose last flicker in the save-all illumines the wise-teeth of eternal Oblivion.

As all the different parties in politics are represented in their respective magazines, it follows that a contributor to *all* the magazines must take up the cause of every party. To be of *no* party is not the same as to be of every party. It might be argued; but I fear there would be sophistry at bottom, as far as principle was concerned. I once had a long conversation with a great Scotch editor upon the subject, and stated to him my qualms on the score of conscience. "I'm muckle surprised at ye, Mr. Ellworthy," said he, "and vera much amused at yer simplecettee. Ye canna be in yer perfect senses, laddie! What has princeple to do wi' the matter, I should like to know? What has party speerit to do wi' the pocket—except as the best means of filling it? Naething—naething at all. The great circulation of the Enbrugh Brazenface is the proof of a' I am saying to ye. We fight unco strongly on our ain side o' the question, and we shall continue to do so, as long 's it pays. But as you are a writer in a' the magazines, you have just ane thing to do as a general rule: ye maun tak up the cause, whatever it be, just as an advocate taks up his brief, and so do yer best."

"Lawyers are considered a respectable class in society," thought I, "and barristers rank as men of some consequence;" and so I mixed this somewhat "flattering unction" with my ink, and wrote an article for the Tory Brazenface, which appeared the same month as one of my best in the High Scotch Republican!

But conscience varies excessively in the nature of its influence on different men. I found that mine did not possess the philosophic remorselessness of the editor of the Brazenface, nor had it the accommodating facility, ease, or flagrant dormancy, of the lawyers and advocates. My necessities were great—I may say, imperative (which is the best of all saving clauses); but I was nevertheless tormented by the qualms of that moral principle which was natural to me, and not to be quieted with any "hush-money." But the man who could succeed, despite the innumerable difficulties, in becoming a paid contributor to *all* the magazines, by a practical perseverance in the scientific simplicity of multiplying nine by itself, was not so poor in resources as not to be able to do something by way of reconciling all *parties*, even with so sensitive and kicking a thorough-bred as conscientious principle.

I will give an example of the method by which I effected this very difficult object, by quoting extracts from the various critiques I wrote on a poem, entitled the "Rise of Liberty," by William Fisher Wimble, which was making some noise at the time. As a whole, the production was not perhaps above mediocrity. It contained, however,

many very fine and very indifferent passages, so it just suited my many-coloured hand. My first notice appeared in the "Capital Commodore," and was thus couched:

THE RISE OF LIBERTY, a Poem. By W. F. Wimble, Esq.

"The author of the 'Rise of Liberty' is a poet whose appearance in the galaxy of our literature will be hailed by many with shouts of welcome. Many of his sentiments are noble and first-rate, and the images by which he illustrates them 'float by in gallant trim;' but we cannot say we always admire the under-current that is very visible to the eye of imagination. We dislike all that tends to violent innovation and consequent anarchy, as much as we scorn and deprecate the perpetuation of abuses. Strong imagination, fine moral thoughts, deepening at times into metaphysics, are not all that we find in Mr. Wimble's poem: it has also a thorough-going, uncompromising, and sometimes headlong political, as well as poetical, animus. On the subject of liberty, he is often fierce, rampant, fugacious, and *enflammé*. We are occasionally startled by bursts of eloquence, mingled with certain ebullient corruscations of wit, that would make us pronounce him to be an Irishman—only that his name is against it. His allusion to foreign scenery, manners, customs, &c., whether allied to, or, as is often the case, remote from, his subject, are vividly graphic and true to nature.

"We consider the following as one of his best stanzas:—

" 'The lark ambitious from his clover bed,
Soon as the morning star hath waned away
Before Aurora's cheek of lambent red,
Towers to salute the fresh-created day;
And strives to pierce the crystal dome afar,
E'en to the altitude of that gone star!'

"We have only room for one more extract at present; but the poem contains many of a very superior order. He is still alluding to the lark.

" 'So doth the rising hope of Liberty
Thrill in man's bosom, like that glorious bird's;
Our souls take wing into the distant sky,
High o'er the tyrants and their slavish herds;
Our hearts are fixed upon its star sublime,
Whose influence sheds fresh youth on aged Time.'

"If our readers feel the same sympathy that we have experienced with the above, let them turn to Mr. Wimble's little volume, and they will find themselves repaid. The book, like all other 'things human,' has its faults; but we wish the poet every success for the sake of its merits."

My next critique appeared in the *Enbrugh Brazenface*, and I sincerely hope I may not be d—d to all posterity for writing it.

"THE RISE OF LUBBERLY, a Poem!

"When a misbegotten, half-witted, unfledged dunghill cock—fancying the fiery-eyed, ruby-crested, spirit of the morning, Chanticleer, has strode off for a while across the sunny meads, accompanied by his feathered seraglio—comes with an impudent strut into the farm-yard,

and stretching back his ugly neck, utters with gaping bill his unmeaning, craw-cracked, Veluti-like squeal; all the stalwart men within hearing lay down their tools, and wonder at the strange dissonance of imbecility! But no sooner do they recover from their surprise, than a broad-shouldered fellow, with a pile of forehead, advances from among them; sets his heel upon the noisy impertinence, and with one good squelch, its body and soul are settled in a twinkling!

"With exactly the same feelings, and exactly the same purpose, do we now advance upon William Fisher Wimble, Esq., author of the prostrate volume of weak muck now spread out before us. Whether the fool-hardy, sweating scribbler, is a radical cobbler, a tinker, or the chief operative in some 'cheap and nasty' shaving-shop, were not so easy to determine; but that his proper post is in one or all of those important departments in Cockaigne, no one in his right senses can doubt for a single moment, &c. &c. &c.

"But let us carve out an extract. Here is one—Mr. Fish Wimble speak for yourself:

" 'The lark ambitious, from his clover bud,
Soon as the morning star hath waned away
Before Aurora's cheek of lambent red,
Towers,' &c.

"Can any Christian critic make head or tail of this lark? An ambitious thing in feathers, towering from a clover bud as soon as Lucifer (the ambitious devil) has *waned away* before the goddess of morn, instead of advancing like a true gallant, to seize upon the red chops of Aurora! Mr. Thimble you have the soul of a tailor!

"What comes next?

" 'To salute the fresh-created day,
And strive to piece the crystal dome afar,
E'en to the altitude of that gone star!'

"Why, the man's daft; or else the most atrocious of blaspheming cockneys! Piece or patch the crystal dome;—he *must* be a tailor! Or could it be possible he meant to carry out the figure of 'salutation?' He deserves a strait-waistcoat in either case."

The rest of the critique was written in the same style, and I received a very complimentary note from the Editor, saying it was done "after his ain heart" and that he "could not ha' finished it off muckle better himsel'!"

After the above critique the reader will not wonder at my apprehensions respecting purgatory, or worse, hereafter. But I hastened to apply the antidote; and I think I shall not "howl." Just as I was sitting down to compose a counter-article for the "High Scotch Republican," I received this note from its editor:—

"Dear Sir,—You have no doubt seen the rascally abuse of Wimble's fine poem, in Brazenface. I want a proper notice of the 'Rise of Liberty' in my next mag., and it cannot be entrusted to better hands than yours," &c.

This, I modestly believe, was no more than the truth—it could not. Where could he find a man who knew his subject better? I had read it three times already, sitting down with a "fresh eye" for each perusal. But of course the editor did not know that the "ras-

cally abuse" was from my admirable hand. I thus commenced my notice:—

"The RISE OF LIBERTY, by W. F. Wimble."

"In the fresh morning of our life, when the fields, and woods, and lofty heavens are the books we most delight in; when all nature seems unsullied around us, and we feel as though no change could ever o'ercome 'the spirit of our dream;' it is then we uplift our hearts with the purest adoration, filled with a sense of the majesty of nature, and that dignity of station which is man's birth-right upon earth. To know that we are mortal; subject to pain and disease ere our descent to the grave, though it be no humiliation, may call up the shade of Melancholy before our souls; but to know that we are free during our sojourn on this terrestrial sphere; that we can walk in the light of liberty, subject to no other tyrants than those which belong to our physical condition—this is enough to dispel the gloom of grief, care, and morbid apprehension, and illumine our path through time to eternity."

"In reviewing the volume before us, we find ourselves called upon to perform a double duty. The 'Rise of Liberty,' like the rise of the sun, is often amidst clouds and storms; as that of the moon is not unfrequently accompanied by the baying of dogs and wolves. Mr. Wimble's poem has had its reviewers! It behoves us, therefore, to point out, to the best of our abilities, the many noble sentiments and images contained in the 'Rise of Liberty;' and also to expose the cowardly baseness and frauds manifested by the attack in Brazenface, which is from the well-known hoof of a consummate ass!"

Soon after the appearance of the above critique, I received a very handsome letter of thanks from Mr. Wimble, with a pressing invitation to dinner. After some hesitation I sent a note excusing myself. I felt I did not altogether merit his friendship; that is to say, not to the extent he fancied himself indebted. Moreover, there was another cause for feeling uncomfortable in his presence. I was just then employed in altering the phraseology and epithets of scurrility in the article I had inserted in Brazenface, in order to send it to the London Brassrazor, which was, in fact, a sort of branch-bully from the former. And here I may be permitted to make an exception to a position previously laid down; because an article which would suit one of these might, in many cases, be very acceptable to the other, the relationship between them being the same as that of turkey-cock and son. My review in Brassrazor thus opened:—

"Fisher Wimble's 'RISE OF LIBERTY.'

"William Fisher Wimble, the son of old Wimble the grocer of Shropshire, and nephew of an ill-savoured pettifogging lawyer in Wisbeach, was born in a back garret at Chelsea, and after living upon buns and pigeon's milk up to the age of five-and-twenty, has thought himself fully qualified, by birth and education, to compose a volume of poems. Tall of stature, thin, herring-gutted, k-legged, long-necked, of a dark complexion, with a bill-hook nose, and a hungry mouth, he may be continually seen striding with slow,

calliper paces, like a melancholy gowk, through Hyde-park; as delineated in our present sketch, which may be depended upon as a fac-simile. He has the *entré* of what he considers very good society, and is thought by his friends and relations (particularly Messrs. Molasses and Lattitat) to be possessed of a fiery genius, by which the ancient Thames is much endangered. But we seriously, and in the most friendly manner, recommend them, and him, to give up all such vain and preposterous anticipations; for he never will be able to produce anything that can possibly raise the Wimbles from their obscurity; as we think the present criticism has sufficiently proved."

I had scarcely completed my tirade for the Brassrazor, when I received the following note from the editor of the Dog and Gun Magazine:—

"My dear fellow:—What fresh game is this just started, about which the critics and other mongrels are making such a *yap yapping*? Who is this blade Wimble?—do you know any thing about him, or his book? If so, tip me a notice in a brace of shakes; if not, get the poem, or whatever it is, and knock off something or other for the Dog and Gun—nobody can handle the thing better, so look sharp. What the h—l do you do with yourself all day? I hav'n't seen your phiz these five weeks and more.—Yours, &c."

My notice in the Dog and Gun, commenced thus:—

"THE RISE OF LIBERTY, a Poem.

"Who would not rise with the lark to read Wimble's Rise of Liberty? It is not every man whose stomach is strong enough to read poetry in the raw of the morning, as the feather-bed creatures call it; but we are of more sterling materials, and with our gun or fishing-rod in one hand, and the 'Rise of Liberty' in the other, we could sally forth into the fresh air, and brush off the dew from its pages with the same glad feeling as the 'glorious bird' when rising from his sweet-scented clover bed. Mr. Wimble's Pegasus is a thorough-bred stallion; sometimes he flies like the 'high-mettled racer;' at others, bounds with all the daring energy of Bay-Bob the hunter. He is of course, at times, unequal in his speed and the height of his leaps; but it is only that he may renew his efforts with greater effect at the critical moment. He is always equal to what he undertakes; none of your poor, spavined, wind-galled, trussel-trotting roadsters is Wimble! Why, half our modern poets are touched in the bellows, and break down a dozen times when there's life and death, and even thousands at stake!" &c.

No sooner had I sent off the above to the Dog and Gun Office, than I sat down and wrote a review for the New Twaddler, who had not yet given any notice of the book.

"THE RISE OF LIBERTY, a Poem. By W. F. Wimble, Esq. 8vo. pp. 142. Wiggins.

"A volume of poems has been given to the world by William F. Wimble, Esq., which, if not a valuable acquisition to our literature, is at least an addition. There are many beautiful passages in the course of these hundred and forty-two pages, though not unfrequently deformed by inaccuracies of style, and an over-heaping of inappropriate imagery. It cannot always be called inappropriate, but some-

times it may; and if the similes are too much crowded in the course of several successive stanzas, there are others wherein a charming simplicity and propriety is carefully preserved. We cannot say that the stanzas about the lark, which our contemporaries have quoted, are much to our taste; but no doubt they will be admired by many readers. We must here declare, however, in the most unflinching manner, that greatly as we love freedom, and highly as we applaud all noble efforts in its cause, we nevertheless disapprove of the general tone and spirit in which Mr. Wimble has composed his poem. It savours too much of innovation and radical movement to be acceptable to the New Twaddler. It may, however, be relished by a numerous class of readers.

* * * *

"The above are selected from numerous instances of abominable stuff about liberty, the violence in purpose of which is only to be equalled by their weakness of meaning. The merits of the poem are a pleasanter task to discuss. We have seldom met with any thing finer than the following lines:—

"Aye in the midway of that pleasant path
That runs between the torrent and the wall,
There would he stand with glee that was half ruth,
And idly pelt the pearly pebbles small."

"Few readers of any sensibility or fancy, can fail to admire the charming *naïveté* of 'pelted pebbles.' It reminds us of our youth, and all its pearly thoughts. We have, however, a serious charge to make against Mr. Wimble on the score of plagiarism. Let our readers only compare the following verses from the 'Rise of Liberty,' with those that accompany them from Wat Tyler:

"Where is the poor man's liberty,
Whose constant sweat scarce pays the constant tax?"

WIMBLE.

"The parliament for ever cries *more money*,
The service of the state demands more money!
Just heavens! of what service is the state?"—SOUTHEY.

"We are glad Mr. Southey has seen the errors of his early productions; and it is insufferable to find these discarded rebellious opinions thus raked up, and given to us at second-hand. Again: mark the gross plagiarism from another more recondite quarter.

"And in a chamber silent as a grave,
And as opaque, he sat with weary heart,
While sad thoughts heav'd, like dead flowers on the wave."

WIMBLE.

"A chamber deaf to noise, and blind to light,
A rosy garland, and a weary head."

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

"Instances of plagiarism from the fine tragedies of Sheridan Knowles, and Miss Kemble's 'Francis the First,' are equally apparent. It is but justice to add that the volume is very tastily got up, and has a unique appearance."

"While my hand was in, I dashed off a notice for a certain weekly paper, which shall be nameless. It amounted to nothing, and concluded characteristically. "We have no more space at present to

permit of further extracts; but there are many which we shall transfer to our columns at a future time." Whenever this is said, the reader may in most instances rest assured he will hear no more of the matter. It is an excellent method of pleasing the imagination of all parties—author, publisher, and public—and without having to read a line of the work.

Two or three months after all these articles had appeared, I received this note from the editor of the Old Squaretoes.

"Sir:—I have recently heard, from four or five Quarters, of a Book, of Poetical Character, called the 'Rise of Liberty.' Having mislaid my own Copy, and not knowing where in the 'World to look for It, I have applied to you, to Pen me a short notice Thereof, firmly believing you are fully competent to do it Justice. I shall therefore Repose with Confidence in your experienced Hand, as you are well conversant with the general Tone, and undeviating Routine, of our Magazine.—Yours, Sir, &c."

I accordingly wrote to the Old Squaretoes in an epistolary form:

"Mr. Urbanity:—I have to call your attention (apologizing for thus trespassing on your valuable time and pages) to a poem, published some months since, bearing the title of the 'Rise of Liberty.' It is the composition of an author whose name has never before transpired—Mr. William Fisher Wimble; and as he evinces a respectable degree of talent, I cannot doubt but you will permit some mention to be made of his production in your long-established magazine. The poem contains many very clever ideas, which are well expressed and not always deficient in spirit. Although the images are too copious, we cannot say but they are frequently very apposite to his theme; and his versification, though by no means formed upon the fine old established models of the great Pope, of Gray, and others, is not altogether without harmony, even when he is harsh in sentiment. His feelings, however intemperate at times, are of a high order, as we conjecture; but we are persuaded that very many of his speculations on the subject of laws, property, moral rights, and political justice, will not be at all acceptable to the generality of independent gentlemen, &c."

"I have the honour to remain,

"Mr. Urbanity, yours, &c."

I had almost forgotten to mention, that as a further "set off" to the article in the Brassrazor, as well as to neutralize the other attacks upon Mr. Wimble, I had also sent an elaborate critique to the Independent Depository. On referring to it, however, I found that the editorial axe had chopped it down to the bare truth.

"'The Rise of Liberty,' a poem, by W. F. Wimble. This poem is full of beauties, interspersed with great faults, which do not obscure the former. This is a proof of their high merit. The faults are such as will disappear with time and practice; the beauties are intrinsic, and therefore lasting."

And here ended, for the present, my labours in the cause of Liberty.

* * * * *

A press of literary business prevented me from making an estimate, according to "my usual custom of an afternoon," of the remuneration.

neration I had received from the different periodicals for "the deeds I had done," until some time after. I eventually found a spare minute, and the account was booked.

To Reviews, Notices, &c. of the "Rise of Liberty," varying from nine inches to a foot and a half:

	£.	s.	d.	
From the Capital Commodore - - -	1	1	0	paid.
Ditto, the Brazen Face - - - - -	0	14	0	paid.
Ditto, the High Scotch Republican - -	0	15	0	paid.
Ditto, the New Twaddler - - - - -	0	12	6	
Ditto, (a long shot) the Dog and Gun -	1	4	2	paid.
Ditto, the Old Square - - - - -	0	10	6	a bill.
Ditto, the Independent Depositary - -	0	14	0	paid.
Ditto, the London Brassrazor - - - -	0	15	0	paid.

I had proceeded thus far, when I was startled by a postman's knock! Another order for critiques, no doubt! I tore open the note. It was from Mr. Wimble, who, by some most extraordinary coincidence, or absolute treachery in the editor, had discovered that I was the writer of the article in Brazenface! The contents of his letter I must leave to be conjectured. I cannot bring myself to transcribe it.

* * * * *

It was a great satisfaction to me, in laying my head upon my pillow, that I was not so bad as Mr. Wimble thought. He little knew of my method of neutralization—of the habitual wound-and-balsam system I had adopted as a salvo to my conscience; and I could not let him into my secret. But I had, in fact, only embodied myself in the general routine. Had I not written those critiques, the very same sort of things would have been done collectively. I had merely acted the part of a successful dramatist, according to my profession of a literary Advocate, &c.

* * * * *

I am now in the decline of life, and a bachelor of course. I could never afford to get married. No contributor, who lived by it, ever could. I have seen very hard service in my time, and am beginning to be exceedingly sick of my profession. All the various grades of magazine-writer have I arduously worked through—excepting only the lowest of all; which, strange at it may appear, contains the fewest in number: I allude to those gentlemen who *pay* to have their communications inserted. This, in most cases, is really no more than just, as their papers are generally a great detriment to the magazine. It would be invidious to give examples; but I will merely observe that those who are "dabs" in the art of "shooting flying," are not always the best qualified to add to the circulation of a good periodical.

As for me, I am well nigh sick of my life. I have as much business as I can do; but I no longer take any interest in doing it, beyond the means of getting bread and cheese and a glass of wine on Sunday. At the age of fifty-two, man is no longer "brisk as a

bee." He is far more disposed to play the drone. He does not like to rack his poor brains incessantly to find fresh excitement for others—young men and women, with quick pulses and prancing hopes—after all excitement is worn out of himself. He rather craves a fat-cushioned arm-chair and foot-stool, wherein he may recline and *read*; taking no thought for the morrow. But I am compelled to write. O, hateful heart-breaking sight of green-baize coverlid! soon as the breakfast things are removed, whereon the murky ink-stand, detested blank paper—that must be crammed ere noon—and d—d pen, are placed in array before me. Monotony and disgust, ye are identified! All that I now do, and it is considered passable and Ellworthy, I believe I could do just as well were I deaf, dumb, and blind. I have written under so many signatures, that my individuality seems lost to me, and I have moreover gone through almost all the combinations of the alphabet. Original articles, critiques, letters—and receipts—bear ye witness to my Protean impersonations! But I feel that this cannot last much longer. The corporeal medium, even now almost reduced to a Shade, of a paid-contributor to *all* the magazines, must soon pay its own debt to the largest of Magazines—and contribute to the dust! My errors have been venial, for I found it impossible to live without eating; and I trust the present article may tend to prove at a future time that I was not actuated by malice, avarice, or wantonness. Whenever or wheresoever it appears, it ought to be copied out (by paying the proprietor) into every periodical throughout the United Kingdom!

Oh, public! thou many-headed patron, to whose continual amusement I have so long contributed; your anonymous or innumerable-named friend bids you a lasting farewell! Oh, editors!—who will scarcely know what to do without me—especially "upon a pinch"—receive my thanks!—and oh, Wimble!—much praised, much abused, though not altogether injured, man—forgive me!

The foregoing papers were found at the bottom of his trunk some time after the death of Mr. Ellworthy. He had left directions that whatever magazine first inserted them, the editor should receive his best remembrances; and he had ingeniously written an eloquent *éloge* which would fit any one of them. This, however, the individual into whose hands the papers were recently placed, has thought it more consistent with decorum not to forward. He particularly requested also that his departure should be formally announced in the Obituary of the Old Squaretoes; in return for an article on "Hair-powder," for which he again insisted—if it were the last words he should ever write—that he never *had* been paid. We are afraid that a little testy irritation has been induced by this misunderstanding, as the required announcement has not yet appeared.

R. H. H.

THE TEMPLE OF VESTA.

THE dark pine waves on Tiber's classic steep,
 From rock to rock the headlong waters leap,
 Tossing their foam on high, till leaf and flower
 Glitter like emeralds in the sparkling shower—
 Lovely, but lovelier from the charms that glow
 Where Latium spreads her purple vales below ;
 The olive, smiling on the sunny hill,
 The golden orchard, and the ductile rill,
 The spring, clear bubbling in its rocky font,
 The moss-grown cave, the Naiads' fabled haunt ;
 And far as eye can strain, yon shadowy dome,
 The glory of the earth—eternal Rome.

This, this was Vesta's seat—sublime, alone
 The mountain crag uprear'd her virgin throne,
 In all the majesty of goddess might,
 Fann'd by pure gales, and bathed in cloudless light.
 Her's was the dash of Anio's sacred tide,
 The flame from Heav'n's ethereal fount supplied,
 And the young forms that trod the marble shrine,
 For earth too fair, for mortal too divine.

And lo, where still ten circling columns rise,
 High o'er the arching spray's prismatic dyes,
 Touch'd but not marr'd—as Time had paused to spare
 The wreaths that bloom in lingering beauty there.
 E'en where each prostrate wreck might seem to mourn
 Her rifted shaft, her loved Acanthus torn,
 Nature's wild flowers in silent sorrow wave
 Their votive sweets o'er Art's neglected grave.

But ye, who sleep the calm and dreamless sleep,
 Where joy forgets to smile, and woe to weep,
 For you, blest maids, a long and last repose
 Has still'd each pulse that throbs, each vein that glows.
 For oft, too oft, the white and spotless vest
 Conceal'd a bleeding heart, an aching breast,
 Hope, that with cold despair held feeble strife,
 And Love, that parted but with parting life.
 Still would the cheek with human passion burn,
 Still would the heart to fond remembrance turn,
 Vow all itself to Heav'n, but vow in vain,
 Sigh for its thoughts, yet sigh to think again.

And thou, immortal bard ! whose sweetest lays
 Were hymn'd in rapture to thy Tiber's praise,
 What tho' no more the listening vales prolong
 The playful echoes of thy Sabine song,
 Weep not her olive grove's deserted shade,
 Her princely halls, in silent ruin laid,
 Her altars, mouldering on a nameless hill—
 There all is beauty, all is glory still.
 Flowers—yet more bright than Roman maiden wreathed,
 Pray'rs—yet more pure than virgin priestess breathed,
 A fane—more noble than the vestal trod—
 The Christian's temple, to the Christian's God.

NIGHTS IN THE GALLEY.—THIRD YARN.

On the morning after I had heard the commencement of Will Gibbon's yarn, it was my fore-noon watch on deck. The sails were loosed to dry, the boats lowered, and the hands had been turned up from their breakfast, the half-hour that is allowed for this meal having expired. We had been in the habit of daily sending to the dock-yard a number of men to perform the numerous trifling duties that are always necessary in harbour—the rope-makers, swab-makers, carpenters, sail-makers, and a number of other parties; and, as it was tedious to call them all by name, the first-lieutenant had that morning ordered me to call them away in a body, under the title of "Away, there, artificers, away." I proceeded to the gangway to execute my orders, summoned the boatswain's-mate, and directed him to call the artificers away. Instead of his usual prompt answer of "Aye, aye, Sir," he appeared to hesitate—taking off his hat, and squirting his quid of tobacco into it, he began to scratch his head and look quite puzzled. I observed this, but not knowing the cause, I called to him, to inquire if he had heard me.—"Aye, aye, Sir," but in such a slow, hesitating tone, that I was inclined to think him drunk, and was about to call him on deck, to interrogate him; but at the moment he put his pipe to his mouth, gave a shrill note, and sung out, "Away, there, artificialers, away."—I smiled, but it was too late to contradict, so I applied myself to the duty of preparing the boats for these "artificialers." After waiting some time, I was somewhat astonished that none of these gentry were forthcoming. Our ship was in such good order, and the men did their duty so well, that it seldom happened that they were behind hand. I turned by the gangway to make inquiries why they did not appear, and overheard the following conversation between our old friends, Will Gibbon and Jack Murray.

"I say, Jack, what the b—y h—I was that yarn the boatswain's mate pitched us just now—hartificialers! I'll be d—d if that arn't a five-decker."

"You may say that, when you write home," returned Jack Murray. "Let's ask the bosen's (boatswain's) mate. I say, Bill, what the h—I was that ere five-decker as you launched just now."

"I'll be d—d if I know," replied the boatswain's-mate, "any more nor one o' the reefers ordered me to pipe the artificialers away. I'm sure that was the word he said, but I never 'heerd' of such a word afore; you'd better go and ask Mr. Martyr—he was the midshipman as give me the orders."

During this conversation I was standing at the break of the hatch-way; when I heard the result of their conference, I walked aft, expecting them to follow, and aft they came. The boatswain's mate, Will Gibbon, and Jack Murray, having transferred their quids of tobacco from the mouth to the hat, and stroked down their hair (a ceremony that Jack never neglects when coming aft on the quarter-deck), they made up to me—"Please, Sir," says Jack Murray, "does I belong to that party as was piped away just now?"—"I am

sure," said I, "I do not know; you ought to know best what party you belong to."—"So I do, Sir; but I'm no hartificialer, I'm in the swab-making party."—"Oh! well, well, artificers include all the parties; so get your men up, and into the boat."—"Aye, aye, Sir," and away he went. The boatswain's mate and Will Gibbon made their way forward, looking at each other as if in doubt whether I was not humbugging them. I could not stand it any longer, but burst out laughing, and the first-lieutenant coming up at the moment, caught me (as he thought) skylarking, instead of attending to my duty, and, of course, reprimanded me rather severely; at the same time pointing to the mast-head, by way of hinting that there was such a place of elevation. I told him what had excited my risible faculties, and he appeared as much amused as myself; and while we were talking about it the sail-maker came aft to inquire of the "hofficer" of the watch whether he was to go to the dock-yard as usual. The first-lieutenant heard him, and asked him if he had not heard himself called away. "No, Sir," said the sail-maker, "I've been a waiting on the gangway ever since the hands were turned up, and no parties have been piped away whatsoever."—"Then pray," says the first-lieutenant, "what did the boatswain's-mate pipe away just now?"—"Nothing, Sir, I assure you, but the hartificialers."—"Well, and what is that?"—"I don't know, Sir; but I don't belong to no such party."—"Well, well," said the first-lieutenant, "go, then, and tell the boatswain's-mate to pipe the sail-makers away." We now piped all the parties away by name, and they soon shoved off from the ship. For the future we always gave them all their proper names; but it remained a good joke for the men a long time after. They were constantly heard to say to each other, "Don't speak to me, you're a hartificialer." Indeed, on their return to the ship (having, I suppose, managed to smuggle a little too much liquor on board), just as they came alongside, they all, with one accord, sung, "hurrah, there, my lads, three cheers for the hartificialers." This was contrary to all discipline, and would have been a matter of black list; but the captain not being on board, the first-lieutenant good-naturedly looked over it, in consideration of the general good conduct and alacrity of the ship's company, who were, certainly, in better order than that of any ship on the station. And the men, themselves, as happy as could possibly be, they liked their captain and trusted him; knowing him to be a thorough sailor, they were confident that if they were in danger he would extricate them from it, if human means could avail. The officers were treated like gentlemen, and made as comfortable as the nature of the service would permit, did their duty cheerfully, and, not being ill-treated themselves, felt no inclination to ill-treat any one else. I think it may be safely said, that never was there a ship in commission in which every body on board was so thoroughly contented, or so determined to do their duty and obey their orders, in spite of every obstacle, as the—. It now drew near the evening—the different working parties had returned on board—the sails furled—top-gallant yards were down—boats up—it was four bells (six o'clock), the commencement of the last dog-watch—I had looked anxiously forward to the time when I should hear the sequel

of the yarn that had excited my curiosity, and it was not with our usual willingness that I proceeded to relieve the deck, it being my watch again, as we were in three watches, and the men in two, though the men's watch in harbour is merely nominal, as we never keep them on deck, unless the weather is very unfavourable, and then only a few hands that we call quarter or anchor watch.—But I am digressing; let us return to Will Gibbon.

The shrill whistle of the boatswain gave notice that Jack was about to imbibe his pint of bohea, and remembering what was to come, I was anxious to take up my old position, but as it happened to be my watch on deck, and the articles of war threaten with death all those who shall desert their post, I knew not well how to manage; but, feeling some interest to hear the end of the yarn, so abruptly left unfinished the previous evening, I sent down to one of my messmates, to request he would look out for me, while I smoked my cigar; and Ballantyne, being a chummie of mine, instantly made his appearance. After having given up charge of the deck in due form, I proceeded to the galley, and found old Will Gibbon giving a most important hem, to clear his throat, previous to the resumption of his (I have no doubt) twice-told tale.

“Well, my bo's, I was just going for to say, when old Pipes clapped a stopper before all that, the old carpenter, you know, seeing as how the skipper was all unrigged and stowed away, not under hatches, but under what's a d—d sight more comfortable, sheets and blankets, he went and turned in, and waited till the next morning. The wind remained in the same quarter, so we couldn't move; the captain went on shore very early, and the carpenter couldn't speak to him till he came off, at four bells, in the afternoon watch; he then walked aft to his cabin, and told the sentry he had something very particular to say to the captain, and I thinks he must have told him what it was, or the sentry would not have let him go in. When he got into the after-cabin, he found the captain reading at a table, with a brace of loaded pistols before him; the moment he saw the carpenter, he thought something was the matter, and caught up one of his pistols, cocked it, and said ‘You d—d rascal! what do you mean by entering my cabin without being introduced by the first-leutenant?’—‘I have come, Sir,’ says the carpenter, ‘to save your life, not with any bad intentions;’ and he held up both his hands, to shew that he had got no fire-arms. ‘Well,’ said the captain, ‘what have you to say? Sit down, and let's hear your story, for I believe you to be an honest feller.’—‘Thankee, Sir,’ says the carpenter, and sat down. ‘The reason, Sir,’ says he, ‘I com'd here without saying any thing to the first-leutenant, was cause I thought you would like to know what I have heard before any body else.’—‘You were very right,’ says the captain; ‘what is it? I have long suspected something would happen with these new men we've got on board, and the way the boatswain behaved last night made me more suspicious; but I think I can depend upon the officers, and most of the men. What say you, old man?’—‘As long as my old arm can wield a sword I'll stand by you, Sir,’ says the carpenter, for it was the skipper as got him his warrant.—‘But let us hear what you have to say, my good friend.

— Sentry,' says the captain, 'draw your bayonet, and don't allow any body but the first-leaftenant to enter.' Well, after he had given this order, the carpenter began:—'As I was a setting in my cabin yesterday, in the afternoon watch, I heard several people talking in the boatswain's cabin, which is next to mine. I wasn't, Sir, a listening to what they were a saying of; but after a bit I hears the boatswain raise his voice as if in a passion, and say 'I tell you he must die!' When I heard this here, I thought I had a right to listen; so I did, and soon after the boatswain says again, 'I tell you the captain must be the first man, Bill, and then we shall easily manage the rest.' Some voices that spake so low I couldn't hear them, appeared to agree to it at last, for shortly after the boatswain said, 'Well, my lads, then that's agreed; to-morrow evening, at down hammocks, it shall be done.' I heard no more nor this, Sir,' said the carpenter, 'and I thought it my duty to tell you of it. I came aft last night to do so, but you was turned in.'—'Well, my good friend,' said the captain, 'I wish you had told me last night, for I have given a great many of the officers leave to go on shore; but never mind, we must do the best we can; go you down below, but be sure to be near me when we pipe the hammocks down; and tell the first-leaftenant I want to speak to him directly.' Down went the first-leaftenant, and remained with the skipper about an hour; when he came up again, it was, 'send for the serjeant of marines.' Up he came. 'Serjeant,' says the first luff, 'bring the boatswain up here.'—'Aye! aye! Sir,' says the serjeant; so away he goes, and soon returns with the boatswain. 'Now, serjeant,' says the first-leaftenant, 'discharge your prisoner. And you, Sir,' turning to the boatswain, 'will return to your duty, and take care what you are about.' Directly the first-leaftenant had left the cabin, the sentry comes to me and says 'Gibbon,' says he, 'the captain wants you in his cabin.' So away I went right into the after-cabin, and found the captain standing over a little barrel. When he sees me, he says 'Go and get a hammer and a chisel;' so away I went, and soon returned again with them in my hand. When I came in, the skipper looked at me and said 'Gibbon, you have been my coxswain now for nine years, and I think I can trust you.'—'I hope so, Sir,' says I; but I was obliged to look down, for he had fixed his eyes upon me, and he had such an eye, it seemed for all the world as if it was a looking into your very inside. Then he told me all what the carpenter had told him, and said, 'Now open that breaker.' I did, and what do you think was in it? why, it was choke-a-block with cartridges. 'Now, Gibbon,' says he, 'just before I pipes the hammocks down, you'll come into my cabin, and be ready to lend the serjeant of marines and master of arms a hand to carry these cartridges on deck, if they are wanted? Now go away,' he said, 'and don't you say nothing about it to no one.'—'No, Sir,' says I, 'you may depend upon me; and I beg your honour's pardon,' says I, 'but I'll answer for it that you may depend on all your gig's crew.' So away I went, and waited till nearly one bell in the last dog-watch ('cause we always in that ship piped the hammocks down exactly at one bell), when down I goes to the captain's cabin, and met him just going on deck. 'Remember what I

told you,' says he. 'Aye! aye! Sir,' says I, and up he went. One bell struck. 'Call the boatswain,' says the captain. Up he comes. 'Stand by hammocks,' says the captain. No answer. 'Do you hear what I say?' Still no answer. At last, aft comes a fauksleman, one of the new batch, and up he goes to the captain, without touching his hat, or saying 'Sir!' and asks to go on shore. 'No!' says the captain. 'I will go,' said the man, and attempted to go over the side. The sentry told him he must not pass; he said he did not care a d—n for all the sentries in the world, and began to force his way. 'Stop that man!' roared out the captain in a voice that made everybody start; he made another attempt, and fell down dead—the sentry had run him through with his bayonet!

"There was immediately a cry among the men that a marine had killed a sailor; then the captain sung out 'He has not killed a sailor, but a d—d rascal.' About a dozen men immediately came aft towards the captain, who drew a pistol from his pocket, and said, 'I have been fifteen years in his Majesty's service, and never had a mutiny on board my ship before; if you want to take my life, you may if you can. My life is my king's, and I am ready to part with it whenever his service requires such a sacrifice; but, depend upon it, my men, that while I live, I will command. The first man that advances one step shall die.' They all hesitated now, and stood looking at the captain, who still kept his finger on the trigger; after a bit, he says, 'My men, I know all about this business. I know the ringleaders, and I know those who have been led away. The ringleaders I will have punished: the others I'll forgive if they immediately return to their duty. So all you that have been led into this mutiny go over to the larboard side of the deck, and the others remain on the starboard.' This, perhaps, seems to you a foolish order; but it wasn't, for very few men could hear the captain's voice and see his fiery eye without trembling. Well, so away they all sheered over the larboard side; but the captain sings out, 'Where are you all going, you blackguards, do you think I don't know you? you had better not attempt to deceive me;' and I'll be hanged, lads, if the boatswain and five men didn't stand stock still; there they were, regularly nabbed. 'Master-at-arms, put all those men in irons.' The next day we got into Malta, and the admiral comed in soon after; they were all tried by a court-martial. The boatswain and three men were hung, and the other two got off some how or other. And before they were going to be triced up, they were asked if they had anything to say. The boatswain said he had. Silence was ordered, and he began—'My lads, if ever you mutiny again, take care to cut the throats of the captain and all the officers as soon as you can; if I had done so I should not be hung to-day, and that d—d rascal,' pointing to the captain, 'would have been overboard long ago;' and that's the way he died. The whole ship's company returned to their duty, and there was not a smarter ship on the station, nor one whose captain was better liked, than the *Comus*."

"I like that feller for a skipper; he was the man to take you into action; he'd have fought, wouldn't he, Will?" says Tom.

"Aye, that he would, lad."

"I say, Tom," said a young top-man, who had never seen a shot fired in anger, but who ardently wished for an opportunity of blowing somebody's brains out, or else having his own, which was as perfectly indifferent to him as it was to Roger Wildrake—"do you think, if we were to go to war with the Mounseers again, we should give them such a drubbing as we did last war?"

"Certainly we should," said Tom; "why not? I never heard of a Frenchman licking an Englishman when they were equal in force, but once, and then it wasn't our faults."

"Yours? why were you in her, Tom?"

"Aye, that I was, worse luck, for I was clapped up in a French prison for six months."

"Oh, tell us all about it."

"Aye, do, Tom," said Will Gibbon, "it's your turn now. I and Jack Murray cry spell O!"

"There's not much to tell, except as how we was taken. It was in the——" But, though Jack always mentions names, it is not, perhaps, prudent that I should; so we'll call it the Raven. "It was in the Raven, commanded by Captain Thomas. She was an eighteen-gun brig, and sailed like a witch, but the captain was such a bullying feller none on us had no peace by day nor night; we was always exercising reefing and furling, shifting masts and yards, and all that 'ere sort o' work; and then there was lots o' your black list men's work, copper belaying-pins and brass caps to the carronades, scrubbing the sides once a-week, holystoning every morning; we had to knock the nails into the upper-deck three times in two years; he thought he never could give us enough to do. There was a flogging-match every day, and while he was a-flogging the poor fellers, he used to laugh and joke at them if they sung out; he never forgave a man but once, and that was an Irishman, a d—d wild, devil-may-care sort of feller, as was always a skylarking; his hide was as tough as leather; he cared no more for a flogging nor he did for taking his grog; and one day he asked leave to go on shore at Portsmouth, while we was fitting out, and the first-lieutenant refused him, 'cause he'd broke his leaf the day afore; so, when he was refused, he makes no more ado but just goes for'ard in the head, and lowers himself down in the water, and away he swims on shore; the next day, off he comes, as if nothing had happened. The master-at-arms reported him to the first-leaftenant, and he was put in the report. The next day the hands was turned up for punishment; up he comes with a soger behind him, looking as modest as a parson at the christening of his own bastard. 'Strip, Sir,' says the captain; and just as he was seized up, he turns his head round to the captain and says, 'Plase your honour, will you allow me just to spake to your honour?'—'Speak away, you d—d rascal,' says the skipper. So he says, as coolly as possible, 'Sure and I am much obliged to your honour's honour, God bless you, for putting this here grating to my belly, and if your honour will just put another to my back, you may flog away with all your might.' When he said this the captain burst out laughing, and so you know he could not well flog him after laughing; so he said, 'Cast the blackguard off, and I'll

give him double next time.' Well, lads, soon after this we got our orders to go and cruise in the Channel; so hands up anchor—away we went. After knocking about in a gale of wind for three days, looking out for the Mounseers, our masthead-man saw something right a-head looming like Beachy Head in a fog. 'Turn the hands up—make sail'—we had been going before the wind under easy sail. 'Topmen aloft, shake out all reefs—man the top-gallant and royal haulyards—trice your staysails up—lower topmast and top-gallant stunsails' (studding sails). Every stitch of canvas was clapt on her before you could say Jack Robinson, 'cause we had a smart ship's company, I can tell you that, lads. In about an hour we overhauled her like the devil, and could see her hull; she was a French 18; directly she saw us, she hauled her wind to get the weather-gage of us, but we warn't to be done that way; so we in with our staysails, stunsails, and royals, and came to the wind well; then we was to windward of her, o' course, and we kept running along, looking at each other that way for some time, while we were getting ready, and then up comes the skipper, and tells the first-leutenant to bear away two points, to close with her, and just as he had piped sail-trimmers aft to trim sails, the captain, looking at the hammocks, as he often did, says—'Oh! oh! I see lots of slack lashings—I'll have a nice flogging match when I've taken that brig;' so he goes round, and whenever he found a lashing that was slack enough for him to get his fingers in, he made a midshipman take down the numbers, and when he had got about twenty of them, he said, 'Now, my lads, I'll just take that brig, and then I'll give each of these here fellers five dozen.' Well, you know, this was quite disheartening, and it lasted so long the men were reglarly pauced. The serjeant of marines had been bully'd by the skipper, and he had been heard to swear he would be revenged. Just as we was all ready, and getting very close alongside o' her, the skipper sings out 'Why don't you hand the cartridges up?'—'Can't find the key of the magazine.'—'Send the serjeant here.'—Whiz—whiz—came shot after shot, and cut away our foretopsail haulyards; down came the topsails, and we had no cartridges on deck. When the serjeant came up, the skipper asks him 'where the key of the magazine was?'—'I've thrown it overboard, Sir,' says he, 'and I hope you will be taken, and rot in a French prison.'—'Break open the door immediately—put that blackguard in irons!' By this time the door was broken open, and we began to load, but not afore our jib and foretopmast staysail haulyards was cut through, and the ship having no head-sail, luffed right up in the wind, and the Frenchman raked us fore and aft. There was the captain, swearing like a devil that he'd never give in, and at last we managed, somehow or another, to lash their jib-boom to our mizen-mast. The serjeant was still standing on deck; nobody had time to pay any attention to him, when the captain turned round, and happened to see him: 'Put that blackguard in irons,' says the captain. 'Hadn't you better wait till the action's over, Sir,' says the first-leutenant. 'No, no—down with him!' so up comes a couple of marines to take him below, when whiz came a shot, and sent all his brains over the skipper and first-leutenant. Well, all this time

we were hard at it, muzzle to muzzle; we couldn't have stood it much longer, we was so shattered, and had twenty men killed already, and ten wounded. Well, the captain see'd that, and so he sings out 'Follow me, lads!' and jumps on the starboard quarter-deck hammock nettings. 'All hands to board!' sings out the first-leutenant, springing up after the captain. 'Hurrah, lads!' says half-a-dozen midshipmen, waving their swords and rushing forward; we all followed like devils, and in five minutes we were in possession of her faultersail (forecastle): we cut away the breechings of one of the guns for'ard, slewed it on board, fired it right aft, and rushed upon them in the smoke. They fought well, and drove us back; the captain rallied us, and led us again upon them, swearing he would not leave her deck alive; three times we were driven back, and three times the captain rallied us in the face of the hottest fire I ever see'd. He fought like a devil, cutting every body down that came near him, running about into the thickest of the fire; the fourth time as we was driven back, the captain and first leutenant fell dead as a door-nail! Well, still we wouldn't give in; we hadn't above thirty men who were not wounded; with these we made one more charge, headed by the second-leutenant—when we were quite overcome, had six men killed and five more wounded; we were driven right back to our own ship again, and found we had only men enough to work two guns; so the second-leutenant hauled his colours down, and the French took possession. We were clapt under hatches, allowed to come up now and then to get fresh air; we all looked out anxiously for an English vessel, that we might be retaken; but it was no go—we arrived at Toolang (Toulon), and were clapt in prison, where I remained for six months, when I was exchanged with a batch; and I'll be d—d if we'd have got a licking that time, if it hadn't been for the serjeant of marines throwing the key of the magazine overboard, and the captain making us that speech before we went into action; but you know it quite disheartens a feller that sort o' thing. — And now, lads, I can tell you it's sling clean hammocks to-morrow morning; so I shall be off to get mine under weigh."

Away they went to their hammocks, and I to the deck, where I found Ballantyne wondering what had kept me so long; but he was a good-natured fellow, and, when I told him how I had been detained, said the only punishment he would inflict on me for having kept him so long, was that I should spin him the yarn when he relieved me in the first watch; and I was soon busily engaged getting ready for scrubbing hammocks in the morning.

ANDALUSIAN SKETCHES

No. IV.—THE BOCA DE LEONE.

At the termination of the "Cork Wood" (as the forest of Almoraima is usually called at Gibraltar) towards Ximena, and at a short distance from the right of the broad road leading to that town, is a small rocky glen, the entrance to which is by a narrow stony pass. It is known by the name of the *Boca de Leone* (Lion's Mouth.) A mountain-stream winds its course through the bottom, and on its left bank stands a cottage, inhabited by an old man and his family. They support themselves by cultivating, as garden-ground, a small portion of land in the glen, vending the produce, and the fruit from some remarkably fine orange trees, in the neighbouring towns of Ximena and San Roque. The spot is so secluded, that although in the habit of sporting in the very vicinity, it was a considerable length of time ere I discovered it. Having once by chance done so, I seldom afterwards found myself in that direction without paying a visit to old Francisco at The Boca. He was a splendid specimen of an old Spanish peasant; Wilkie should have visited him and given us his portrait. The cheerful hospitality with which he welcomed me, produced in time a more intimate acquaintance, and this was soon shared by a few of my brother officers who were sportsmen. The situation being most excellent as a position from whence a day's shooting could be advantageously commenced, it occurred to us to add, at our own expense, some accommodation to the cottage, which only contained two apartments—the outer, a kitchen—the inner, a sleeping place for the family, consisting of the old man, his wife, and their daughter Juana. The consent of Francisco was soon obtained, and we immediately set about carrying our plan into effect. In this we were munificently aided by the lieutenant-governor of our garrison, the late General Sir George Don. The general was himself a keen sportsman, and continued able to enjoy the diversion of shooting almost to the very last hour of his long life. A room capable of accommodating four or five of us was soon added to the cottage; a chimney built—a very necessary comfort in Spain, where the smoke is generally allowed to escape as it can; a canteen and other requisite furniture provided; and a stock of tea, wine, and spirits laid in. Here, then, we were frequently in the habit of passing many days together, enjoying in the highest degree the very capital sport, of which we were thus within immediate reach.

On one of these occasions, in the early part of the year 1830, four of us, B—, S—, E— (who was lately carried off by cholera in Dublin), and myself, formed the party. After a highly satisfactory day's sport, and the termination of our meal, old Francisco with his wife and daughter joined, as they often did, our *tertulia* (evening assembly); and a right merry one it never failed to be. Juana (the daughter), a bright black-eyed, olive-complexioned Andalusian beauty, had all the *gracia*—the natural quickness, of the generality of

the females of her country. She possessed their usual accomplishments—danced with grace, sang in a pleasing voice their romantic national songs, and touched the guitar with tolerable skill. On the evening I allude to she was dancing the *cachucha*, accompanying herself with the lively castanets, old Francisco singing in a peculiar manner an interminable ballad to the air of the dance, and the mother thrumming a *zambomba*.* We looked on with amusement, and even assisted the music by loudly beating time in clapping our hands. In the very height of our enjoyment, at a moment when the dance was becoming most interesting, and we were in admiration at the really graceful postures of Juana, the door suddenly opened, and a Spanish soldier, in a dirty, dusty uniform, followed by a large dog of singular appearance, entered the apartment. "*Hijo de mi vida!*" (my beloved son), shrieked both the old people, as they threw themselves on the neck of the stranger. "*Hermanito mio!*" (my dear brother), exclaimed Juana, as she struggled for a share in the embrace. No one could have beheld unmoved the unbounded joy and affection with which the new-comer was received. Tears of delight ran down old Francisco's manly furrowed cheeks. Maria, the mother, wept and laughed, and danced alternately. All amusement, of course, was at an end, and we could scarcely obtain from them the information that the stranger was their only son Alonzo, whom they had not seen since he first joined the army many years past; that, indeed, he had been mourned for as dead, a report to that effect having reached them. We soon parted from the happy family, who withdrew to their own division of the cottage.

The following morning we were off early towards Castellar, and had an excellent day's sport. In the evening, after our meal, the family joined us. Alonzo had brushed up his regimentals, and had evidently had recourse to his father's wardrobe, one of the old man's fine snow-white linen shirts being displayed with studied care by throwing open his single-breasted uniform jacket. They had only begun to sober down and control their excited feelings, and had not been able to listen to any of the repeated attempts Alonzo told us he had made to give some details of his adventures. We joined in a request that he would now do so. He at once complied, and we attended with the greatest interest to his narrative, notwithstanding that many of the particulars he related were well known to us:—

"You will doubtless remember, my revered parents," said he, "that it was at the commencement of the year 1819, soon after my eighteenth birthday, that I was obliged to leave the Boca for San Roque to attend the muster of those upon whom the *quinta* (conscription) had fallen. Five was the number of soldiers to be furnished by our neighbourhood, but nine had been drawn and ordered to appear, so that four of us would return to our homes. Your grief, my dear father, I shall not easily forget, when the *corregidor* chose me as

* *Zambomba*—an earthen pot, the mouth covered with parchment drawn tightly over, in the centre of which is a small hole with a stick inserted; this, drawn slowly to and fro, produces a noise evidently most agreeable to Spanish ears, though discordant enough to ours.

one of the five to serve, and we were immediately marched off. I was a thoughtless, idle youth, and felt little disposition to pass my time in my native glen, labouring in the garden. I am ashamed to confess that my sorrow, so loudly expressed when I received your parting embrace, quickly gave way to other feelings, and it was with a light heart that I put on the uniform which was ready for us, and began my new course of life. The number of men for the district having been completed and assembled at Algeciras, we proceeded to Cadiz, and were drafted into the different regiments of the line in garrison there. I was posted to the *Regimento de las Asturias*, and immediately applied myself to acquire a knowledge of my duty. My attention was soon rewarded by promotion to *cabo* (corporal), and which perhaps I owed not a little to my proficiency in reading and writing: I shall ever feel grateful to my kind tutors, the worthy friars of the Almoraima Convent. In this gay city of Cadiz we led a most agreeable life until about the beginning of June, when our glee was changed into consternation by the receipt of orders for my regiment, as well as the others in garrison, to embark forthwith for *las Indias* (the Indies). Nothing was heard but loud murmurs, from the very colonel himself to the smallest drum-boy. I did not then know what I afterwards learned, that for some time previous the seeds of rebellion had been extensively sown amongst the officers of the Spanish army, and that a party of intriguing politicians in the cities of Madrid and Cadiz were laying plans to bring about a change of government. They had gained over to their purposes a large number of the field-officers and captains. The generality of the subalterns or the non-commissioned officers and soldiers, knew nothing of these schemes. Their antipathy to a long voyage in the scarcely seaworthy ships which had been provided for the expedition, and a general dislike to the proposed object of it (an attempt to reconquer the revolted states of Spanish South America), were the real causes of our mutiny, for into open rebellion the garrison soon declared itself. It was put down by the courage and presence of mind of our general, Don Henrique O'Donel, Conde De Abisbal. Four battalions were on parade in the *Plaza San Antonio*, obedient to our regimental officers, but in rebellion against the governor. He stepped fearlessly into the centre, dressed in his full uniform, and wearing the splendid decorations of the various orders of knighthood which had been conferred upon him. Uncovering his head and waving his plumed hat, he exclaimed in a loud tone of voice, "*Soldados, en el nombre del Rey, digo que no se embarcaran*" (Soldiers, in the name of the King, I promise that you shall not embark). Shouts, and loud cries of *Viva el Rey*, were our answer. The four battalions returned to their allegiance; the remainder of the garrison were intimidated, and the revolt for that time was at an end. You will easily believe that there could not be much confidence placed in us, either by Abisbal, or any of the several generals who rapidly relieved each other in the command of Cadiz. The regiments were distributed in the neighbouring towns, and my corps went to Las Cabezas de San Juan. The revolutionary party, although foiled by this occurrence, did not abandon their plans. The non-commissioned officers and soldiers were gradually

brought over ; and at length, on the 1st of January, 1820, the army proclaimed 'the Constitution.' The afterwards celebrated Riego was at that time the captain of my company ; but he held the brevet rank of lieutenant-colonel, and was in temporary command of the battalion. On the morning of the 2nd of January we marched to Arcos, surprising and making prisoner the general commanding the district (the Conde De Calderon) and his staff. The garrison there then joined us, and we continued our march to Bornos, where we found the regiment of Aragon, which at once ranged itself on our side. Reinforced also by the troops from Xerez and Puerto Santa Maria, the army, which was now called the 'National Army,' advanced to the Isla de Leon, and joined another body of troops under Lieutenant-Colonel Quiroga, who assumed the general command, although a junior officer to Riego. The taking of Cadiz was said to be our first object. On the night of the 12th we obtained possession of the Carraccas. The following day an attempt was made on the Cortadura, but it was so obstinately defended by the militia regiment within it (and which could not be prevailed upon to espouse 'the cause') that we were defeated with considerable loss. Our spirits began to flag, but confidence was somewhat restored by an order from Quiroga directing 1,500 men under Riego to march to Granada, there to proclaim 'the Constitution.' It was added that we should be joined by the whole country in our road. On the 1st of February we entered Algeciras, singing a song which had just then been composed, but soon became well known as Riego's Hymn. The people of the town received us with shouts and cheers. They were, however, very chary of the necessary supplies. Food was furnished but scantily, and that was almost obtained by force. Not a man joined us. It was then given out that we were to return to the Isla, but I believe this was found to be impracticable; for General José O'Donel (Abisbal's brother), a staunch royalist, was moving upon us in that direction with a strong body of cavalry known to be well affected to the king's government. We, therefore, evacuated Algeciras, and were scarcely outside the town before the advanced guard of the horse appeared. After crossing the ford at the Guadarranque, we inclined to the right, and in the evening halted at the foot of the Sierra Carbonera (known to the English by the name of the Queen of Spain's Chair), close to the lines in front of Gibraltar. O'Donel's force also halted, and posted themselves still nearer to the English fortress. The following morning I was our general's orderly. No movement was made on either side, but great confusion and apprehension appeared to prevail amongst our officers. Riego himself was evidently disturbed. He was moving to and fro in a quick pace, conversing with two of the colonels, when a loud shout from our men and a cry of *Viva los Ingleses!* (Live the English), drew attention to an officer in the English scarlet uniform, who was galloping towards us. He advanced to the general, who was pointed out to him, and dismounted. I stepped forward and held his horse, so that I was close by, and heard all that passed. He spoke Spanish fluently, and said that he had been sent by the governor of Gibraltar to express a hope that no hostilities would take place between the two armies in their present

position, which, being on neutral ground, or at all events within range of the guns of the garrison, could not be permitted to become a field of battle. He added that he had already communicated with General O'Donel, who assured him that he should not make any attack on the constitutional party until they moved from their bivouac, when he should certainly follow and destroy them. Riego seemed much agitated at the latter part of this statement. After a pause, he desired the Englishman to acquaint his general that no breach of neutrality would occur on our side; that both parties were Spaniards. 'Somos hermanos' (we are brothers), said our chief, and concluded with declaring that in the course of the day the two hosts would embrace and make common cause for *la libertad* (liberty). The English officer looked methought somewhat incredulous, and took his departure, cheered as before by the men. Notwithstanding Riego's boast, no symptom appeared of such a desirable termination of our dilemma. On the contrary, towards midnight, we, as silently as possible, got under arms, and recommenced our march, keeping close under the hills, and gaining the *camino de Malaga*. This road was fortunately so much broken, that we were enabled to distance the cavalry, which could not attack us. On the 18th we entered Malaga. Here we discovered, to our great dismay, that the garrison, instead of joining us, as we had been led to expect would be the case, had withdrawn from the town on our approach; nor did the inhabitants shew any disposition to favour us. The following morning, O'Donel's cavalry made an attempt to dislodge us, which was successfully repelled; nevertheless we withdrew at night, and took the road to the mountains. For three weeks we moved about the Sierra in various directions, closely and hotly pressed by the pursuing force. Our sufferings were dreadful, and our men deserted in large numbers. I was more than once on the point of following their example, and endeavouring to reach the Boca. But I did not abandon my colours. At length, on the 8th March (you see I refer to my small worn-out pocket-book for dates—they are all entered here), we were at the foot of the Ronda mountains, near Moron;—the remains of our 1,500 men could scarcely, on that morning, have amounted to 300. Riego addressed us in a short speech, which concluded with an order to disperse,—each man to seek his individual safety, and endeavour to rejoin the main army under Quiroga. I had become our general's permanent orderly, and in this moment of danger and difficulty I would not abandon him. One officer only and myself remained with him. We made our way by the goat-paths in the mountains, suffering indescribable misery and privation. We, however, escaped O'Donel's scouring parties, and reached the Isla. There joyful news awaited us. 'The Constitution' had been proclaimed in Madrid, and sworn to by the king. Quiroga and Riego were made field-m Marshals. The former proceeded to court, and the latter assumed the command of the army in the Cadiz district. I saw no more of him at that period, but he rewarded my services by appointing me *sargento* (serjeant). I was attached to the 10th regiment, which marched forthwith for Madrid. There we remained until the following summer (1821), when we were ordered to Saragossa, where

I once more found myself under the command of Riego. But he was no longer the popular chief. Suspicions appeared to be very generally entertained of his integrity, and his altered and overbearing manner had alienated from him the good-will of the soldiers. In August it was announced that he was removed from his command; and General Moredo succeeded him. Some disturbances occurred, and a few lives were lost; but order was shortly restored. In the spring of 1822, my battalion removed to Valencia. General Elio was at that time a prisoner in the citadel, under sentence of death, for his political conduct in 1814; but it was understood that government were afraid to take his life on that plea. I was on duty there, and saw Elio frequently. He was a kind and amiable man, and I became greatly attached to him. I formed part of the citadel guard, which was relieved monthly, although I remained for two successive months. It was my place, as the serjeant-major of the detachment, to see the prisoner constantly. The dignified manner in which he bore his melancholy reverse of fortune created in me feelings of deep commiseration. I confess to you, that if it had appeared at all practicable to accomplish his deliverance from captivity, I would have aided his escape. But it was absolutely impossible, and I must say that he never attempted to shake my fidelity. On the 1st of May we were relieved from the citadel by a guard of the artillery; and on the 30th of that month I was slightly wounded in retaking it from those madmen (eighty in number), they having hoisted the flag of rebellion, and proclaimed Elio governor—certainly, I believe, without any concurrence on his part. As the presumed instigator, however, of this absurd revolt, he was again tried and condemned. On the 4th of September I witnessed, with the rest of the garrison, the execution of this brave officer. He was subjected to the infamous punishment of the *garrote*. In vain he solicited to die the death of a soldier. I stood close to the platform upon which he was executed. He was as calm and collected as I now am. His last words were expressive of forgiveness of his enemies, blessings on the king, a prayer for the royal cause, and a prophecy of its ultimate triumph. My indignation at this murder was so great, that I imprudently gave vent to it in words. My previous intercourse with Elio when on duty at his prison was well known, and, coupled with my unguarded expressions at and after his execution, caused me to become an object of suspicion to my officers. A few days afterwards a brother serjeant gave me warning that I should be arrested the next morning on parade, tried by a drum-head court-martial, and made an immediate example to the disaffected, of whom there were now a large number in the army. Not a moment was to be lost. By the assistance of an acquaintance in the city, I exchanged my uniform for a countryman's dress, and made good my escape from the town, driving a *borico* as if on my return from vending vegetables. We had all heard of *El Ejercito del Fé* (the Army of the Faith), which was then attempting the overthrow of the tyrannical Cortes, and the restoration of the legitimate government. I determined, therefore, to direct my steps into Catalonia, of which province this army was said to have nearly entire possession. I reached one of its detachments, was gladly received, and appointed to a

regiment with my rank of serjeant confirmed. 'The good cause,' however, did not appear to thrive, and we suffered numerous defeats. Towards the end of the year I was in garrison at Seo D'Urgel, under the command of that brave man Romagosa. It is a singularly strong fortress. General Mina, who was in the field against us, attempted on the 10th of December to take it by storm; but he was repulsed with tremendous loss, whilst on our side there were scarcely twenty casualties. We continued to defend our post until the end of January, when famine obliged us to abandon it, which we did during the night, unobserved by the enemy. Retiring to the mountains, we dispersed into small parties, each shifting for itself. That with which I was, after wandering during the entire month of February, succeeded in joining a division of the royalists under General Ulman. We soon mustered 5,000 men, and obtained possession of the fortress of Murviedro. Here we remained until the commencement of May (1823), when the welcome news of the entrance into Spain of the French under the Duc D'Angoulême reached us. The city of Valencia at once declared for the king, and a large part of our force removed there, so that I was again in garrison at that delightful place. By the end of the year the government of the Deputies of the Cortes was entirely done away. The army was purified and re-organized. It was formed again into regular regiments, and the one I belonged to removed in the spring of 1824 to Tarragona. During that and the following year we were moving about in various parts of Catalonia. We formed part of the force which, in 1825, under the command of the Conde D'Espana, overtook and defeated the Carlist general, Bessieres, who had taken up arms against the legitimate government. He and seven of his officers were taken prisoners in the action, and shot on the morning following near the *Molino de Aragon*. In the beginning of 1826 I was stationed in Biscay, at Bilbao. Here I was selected as one of a party of 20 men, which was embarked as an escort on board a schooner, destined to convey into banishment General Capape. We put into St. Sebastian, received on board the prisoner, and then set sail for Porto Rico in the Indies. Our voyage was tediously long, and our sufferings great, owing to the stock of water and provisions proving very scanty. We at length reached the island and disembarked. We had, of course, expected to return to Spain in the vessel, but this the governor would not permit; the garrison had not received reinforcements for many years, and my party, small as it was, proved most acceptable. We were accordingly incorporated into the regiment there. I cannot say that I complained much of this arrangement; the island is a paradise; I understood it to be about thirty-five leagues long and twelve broad; the climate is as delicious as that of our own Andalusia, perhaps somewhat hotter, but not in any great degree; the living is superb; the woods abound with wild pigeons and various sorts of fowl; fruit of every variety is in plenty—in fact, you may indulge in luxuries of all kinds. I could almost have been well satisfied to pass the remainder of my days there; but a yearning towards my relatives and my native land induced me to avail myself of an offer made by my colonel, to grant me a discharge from the service, and a passage in a vessel returning to

Old Spain. I landed at Cadiz only a few days since. Once more I am under my paternal roof; and I hope to prove a comfort to you, my parents, in your old age. I ought to have been rich, and able to relieve you from the necessity of further toil. It was no uncommon occurrence in Porto Rico to find gold-dust in the sands of the rivers, and I was as active and quick-sighted as most persons; but I regret to say, I led an improvident life, and I have brought little else with me than that faithful dog Palomo, who you may observe never leaves me; I found him, when only a few days old, in a wood near the sea-shore at Porto Rico. He is of the race of those dogs which our forefathers carried over to *Las Americas*, when they discovered and conquered the country. It is said that those animals assisted in no small degree, by their fierceness and the dexterity with which they hunted down the savage natives. They tell me the breed has totally disappeared from the continent of the New World. It is therefore strange that the race still continues at Porto Rico. They are, however, in a wild state, keeping to the woods, and subsisting upon the land-crabs which burrow in the earth there. Palomo is well tamed; but he would be a formidable enemy to an intruder at unseasonable hours. He will be a capital sentinel here."

Such is the purport of Alonzo's story. The intense delight with which Old Francisco and the females listened to it was most interesting to witness. They made no remark, asked no elucidating question, and only indulged in occasional exclamations of *oyga!* (hear him!) when any wonderful circumstance was told, or *Bendito sea Dios!* (God be praised!)—*Que Dios sea servido!* (serve God!) when any escape from peril was narrated.

Alonzo is now his father's right-hand, and labours in the garden at the Boca de Leone, as though he had never led any other life. Juana is married to a worthy man at Ximena, a lover of long-tried attachment. She had for years resisted his entreaties, for she would not quit her aged parents. The brother's return enabled her to do so, and we celebrated her wedding by a grand feast at the cottage. Our shooting quarters there are still carefully kept in repair, and continue to be the resort of a select few of the sportsmen of the garrison of Gibraltar.

J. W.

THE BOARDING-HOUSE.—No. II.*

"WELL," said little Mrs. Tibbs to herself, as she sat in the front parlour of the Coram-street mansion one morning, mending the piece of stair-carpet off the first landing ;—" well ! things have not turned out so badly either, and if I only get a favourable answer to the advertisement, we shall be full again."

Mrs. Tibbs resumed her occupation of making worsted lattice-work in the carpet, anxiously listening to the twopenny postman, who was hammering his way down the street at the rate of a penny a knock. The house was as quiet as possible. There was only one low sound to be heard—it was the unhappy Tibbs cleaning the gentlemen's boots in the back kitchen, and accompanying himself with a buzzing noise, in wretched mockery of humming a tune.

The postman drew near the house. He paused—so did Mrs. Tibbs—a knock—a bustle—a letter—post-paid.

"T. I. presents compt. to I. T. and T. I. begs To say that i see the advertisement And she will Do Herself the pleasure of calling On you at 12 o'clock to-morrow morning.

"T. I. has To apologise to I. T. for the shortness Of the notice But i hope it will not unconvenience you.

"I remain

"yours Truly

"Wednesday evening."

Little Mrs. Tibbs perused the document over and over again ; and the more she read it, the more was she confused by the mixture of the first and third person ; the substitution of the "I" for the "T. I," and the transition from the "I. T." to the "you." The writing looked like a skein of thread in a tangle, and the note was ingeniously folded into a perfect square, with the direction squeezed up into the right-hand corner, as if it were ashamed of itself. The back of the epistle was pleasingly ornamented with a large red wafer, which, with the addition of divers ink-stains, bore a marvellous resemblance to a black-beetle trod upon. One thing, however, was perfectly clear to the perplexed Mrs. Tibbs. Somebody was to call at twelve. The drawing-room was forthwith dusted for the third time that morning ; three or four chairs were pulled out of their places, and a corresponding number of books carefully upset, in order that there might be a due absence of formality. Down went the piece of stair-carpet before noticed, and up ran Mrs. Tibbs "to make herself tidy."

The clock of New Saint Pancras Church struck twelve, and the Foundling, with laudable politeness, did the same ten minutes afterwards. Saint something else struck the quarter, and then there arrived a single lady with a double knock, in a pelisse the colour of the interior of a damson pie ; a bonnet of the same, with a regular con-

servatory of artificial flowers ; a white veil, and a green parasol, with a cobweb border.

The visitor (who was very fat and red-faced) was shewn into the drawing-room ; Mrs. Tibbs presented herself, and the negotiation commenced.

" I called in consequence of an advertizement," said the stranger, in a voice like a man who had been playing a set of Pan's pipes for a fortnight without leaving off.

" Yes!" said Mrs. Tibbs, rubbing her hands very slowly, and looking the applicant full in the face—two things she always did on such occasions.

" Money isn't no object whatever to me," said the *lady*, " so much as living in a state of retirement and obtrusion."

Mrs. Tibbs, as a matter of course, acquiesced in such an exceedingly natural desire.

" I am constantly attended by a medical man," resumed the pelisse wearer ; " have been a shocking unitarian for some time—have had very little peace since the death of Mr. Bloss."

Mrs. Tibbs looked at the relict of the departed Bloss, and thought he must have had very little peace in his time. Of course she could not say so ; so she looked very sympathising.

" I shall be a good-deal of trouble to you," said Mrs. Bloss ; " but for that trouble I am willing to pay. I am going through a course of treatment which renders attention necessary. I have one mutton chop in bed at half-past eight, and another at ten, every morning."

Mrs. Tibbs, as in duty bound, expressed the pity she felt for any body placed in such a distressing situation ; and the carnivorous Mrs. Bloss proceeded to arrange the various preliminaries with wonderful dispatch. " Now mind," said that lady, after terms were arranged ; " I am to have the second-floor front for my bedroom ?"

" Yes, ma'am."

" And you'll find room for my little servant Agnes ?"

" Oh ! certainly."

" And I can have one of the cellars in the area for my bottled porter."

" With the greatest pleasure ;—James shall get it ready for you by Saturday."

" And I'll join the company at the breakfast-table on Sunday morning," said Mrs. Bloss ; " I shall get up on purpose."

" Very well," returned Mrs. Tibbs, in her most amiable tone ; for satisfactory references had been " given and required," and it was quite certain that the new comer had plenty of money. " It's rather singular," continued Mrs. Tibbs, with what was meant for a most bewitching smile, " that we have a gentleman now with us, who is in a very delicate state of health—a Mr. Gobler.—His apartment is the back drawing-room."

" The next room ?" inquired Mrs. Bloss.

" The next room," repeated the hostess.

" How very promiscuous !" ejaculated the widow.

" He hardly ever gets up," said Mrs. Tibbs, in a whisper.

" Lor !" cried Mrs. Bloss, in an equally low tone.

"And when he is up," said Mrs. Tibbs, "we never can persuade him to go to bed again."

"Dear me!" said the astonished Mrs. Bloss, drawing her chair nearer Mrs. Tibbs. "What is his complaint?"

"Why, the fact is," replied Mrs. Tibbs, with a most communicative air, "he has no stomach whatever."

"No what?" inquired Mrs. Bloss, with a look of the most indescribable alarm.

"No stomach," repeated Mrs. Tibbs, with a shake of the head.

"Lord bless us! what an extraordinary case!" gasped Mrs. Bloss, as if she understood the communication in its literal sense, and was astonished at a gentleman without a stomach finding it necessary to board anywhere.

"When I say he has no stomach," explained the chatty little Mrs. Tibbs, "I mean that his digestion is so much impaired, and his interior so deranged, that his stomach is not of the least use to him;—in fact, it's rather an inconvenience than otherwise."

"Never heard such a case in my life!" exclaimed Mrs. Bloss.

"Why, he's worse than I am."

"Oh, yes!" replied Mrs. Tibbs;—"certainly." She said this with great confidence, for the set of the damson pelisse satisfactorily proved that Mrs. Bloss, at all events, was not suffering under Mr. Gobler's complaint.

"You have quite incited my curiosity," said Mrs. Bloss, as she rose to depart. "How I long to see him!"

"He generally comes down once a week," replied Mrs. Tibbs; "I dare say you'll see him on Sunday." And with this consolatory promise Mrs. Bloss was obliged to be contented. She accordingly walked slowly down the stairs, detailing her complaints all the way; and Mrs. Tibbs followed her, uttering an exclamation of compassion at every step. James (who looked very gritty, for he was cleaning the knives) fell up the kitchen-stairs, and opened the street-door; and, after mutual farewells, Mrs. Bloss slowly departed down the shady side of the street.

It is almost superfluous to say, that the lady whom we have just shown out at the street-door (and whom the two female servants are now inspecting from the second-floor windows) was exceedingly vulgar, ignorant, and selfish. Her deceased better-half had been an eminent cork-cutter, in which capacity he had amassed a decent fortune. He had no relative but his nephew, and no friend but his cook. The former had the insolence one morning to ask for the loan of fifteen pounds, and by way of retaliation he married the latter next day; he made a will immediately afterwards, containing a burst of honest indignation against his nephew (who supported himself and two sisters on 100*l.* a year), and a bequest of his whole property to his wife. He felt ill after breakfast, and died after dinner. There is a mantelpiece-looking tablet in a civic parish church, setting forth his virtues, and deploring his loss. He never dishonoured a bill, or gave away a halfpenny!

The relict and sole executrix of this noble-minded man was an odd mixture of shrewdness and simplicity, liberality and meanness. Bred

up as she had been, she knew no mode of living so agreeable as a boarding-house; and having nothing to do, and nothing to wish for, she naturally imagined she must be very ill—an impression which was most assiduously promoted by her medical attendant, Dr. Wosky, and her handmaid, Agnes, both of whom, doubtless for excellent reasons, encouraged all her extravagant notions.

Since the catastrophe recorded in our last, Mrs. Tibbs had been very shy of young lady boarders. Her present inmates were all lords of the creation, and she availed herself of the opportunity of their assemblage at the dinner table, to announce the expected arrival of Mrs. Bloss. The gentlemen received the communication with stoical indifference, and Mrs. Tibbs devoted all her energies to prepare for the reception of the valetudinarian. The second-floor front was scrubbed, and washed, and flannelled, till the wet went through to the drawing-room ceiling. Clean white counterpanes, and curtains, and napkins; water-bottles as clear as crystal, blue jugs, and mahogany furniture, added to the splendour and increased the comfort of the apartment. The warming-pan was in constant requisition, and a fire lighted in the room every day. The chattels of Mrs. Bloss were forwarded by instalments. First there came a large hamper of Guinness's stout and an umbrella; then a train of trunks; then a pair of clogs and a bandbox; then an easy chair with an air cushion; then a variety of suspicious-looking packages; and—"though last not least"—Mrs. Bloss and Agnes, the latter in a cherry-coloured merino dress, open-work stockings, and shoes with sandals; looking like a disguised Columbine.

The installation of the Duke of Wellington, as Chancellor of the University of Oxford, was nothing in point of bustle and turmoil to the installation of Mrs. Bloss in her new quarters. True, there was no bright doctor of civil law to deliver a classical address on the occasion; but there were several other old women present, who spoke quite as much to the purpose, and understood themselves equally well. The chop-eater was so fatigued with the process of removal that she declined leaving her room until the following morning; so a mutton-chop, pickle, a two-grain calomel pill, a pint-bottle of stout, and other medicines, were carried up stairs for her consumption.

"Why, what *do* you think, ma'am?" inquired the inquisitive Agnes of her mistress, after they had been in the house some three hours; "what *do* you think, ma'am? the lady of the house is married."

"Married!" said Mrs. Bloss, taking the pill and a draught of Guinness—"married! Impossible!"

"She is indeed, ma'am," returned the Columbine; "and her husband, ma'am, lives—he—he—he—lives in the kitchen, ma'am."

"In the kitchen!"

"Yes, ma'am; and he—he—he—the housemaid says, he never goes into the parlour except on Sundays; and that Mrs. Tibbs makes him clean the gentlemen's boots; and that he cleans the windows, too, sometimes; and that one morning early, when he was on the front balcony cleaning the drawing-room windows, he called out to a gentleman on the opposite side of the way, who used to live here—'Ah! Mr. Calton, Sir, how are you?'" Here the attendant laughed

till Mrs. Bloss was in serious apprehension of her chuckling herself into a fit.

"Well, I never!" said Mrs. Bloss.

"Yes, and please, ma'am, the servants give him gin-and-water sometimes; and then he cries, and says he hates his wife and the boarders, and wants to tickle them."

"Tickle the boarders!" exclaimed Mrs. Bloss, seriously alarmed.

"No, ma'am, not the boarders, the servants."

"Oh, is that all!" said Mrs. Bloss, quite satisfied.

"He wanted to kiss me as I came up the kitchen stairs, just now," said Agnes, indignantly; "but I gave it him—a little wretch!"

This intelligence was but too true. A long course of snubbing and neglect; his days spent in the kitchen, and his nights in the turn-up bedstead; had completely broken the little spirit that the unfortunate volunteer had ever possessed. He had no one to whom he could detail his injuries but the servants, and they were almost of necessity his chosen confidants. It is no less strange than true, however, that the little weaknesses which he had incurred, most probably, during his military career, seemed to increase as his comforts diminished. He was actually a sort of journeyman Giovanni in the basement story.

The next morning, being Sunday, breakfast was laid in the front parlour at ten o'clock. Nine was the usual time, but the family always breakfasted an hour later on Sabbath. Tibbs enrobed himself in his Sunday costume—a black coat, and exceedingly short thin trowsers, with a very large white waistcoat, white stockings and cravat, and Blucher boots—and mounted to the parlour aforesaid. Nobody had come down, and he amused himself by drinking the contents of the milk-pot with a tea-spoon.

A pair of slippers were heard descending the stairs; Tibbs flew to a chair, and a stern-looking man of about fifty, with very little hair on his head, and "*The Examiner*" in his hand, entered the room.

"Good morning, Mr. Evenson," said Tibbs, very humbly, with something between a nod and a bow.

"How do you, Mr. Tibbs?" replied he of the slippers, as he sat himself down, and began to read his paper without saying another word.

"Is Mr. Wisbottle in town to-day do you know, Sir?" inquired Tibbs, just for the sake of saying something.

"I should think he was," replied the stern gentleman. "He was whistling '*The Light Guitar*,' in the next room to mine, at five o'clock this morning."

"He's very fond of whistling," said Tibbs, with a slight smirk.

"Yes—I an't," was the laconic reply.

Mr. John Evenson was in the receipt of an independent income, arising chiefly from various houses he owned in the different suburbs. He was very morose and discontented. He was a thorough radical, and used to attend a great variety of public meetings for the express purpose of finding fault with everything that was proposed. Mr. Wisbottle, on the other hand, was a high Tory. He was a clerk in the Woods and Forests office, which he considered rather an aristo-

cratic employment; he knew the peerage by heart, and could tell you off-hand where any illustrious personage lived. He had a good set of teeth, and a capital tailor. Mr. Evenson looked on all these qualifications with profound contempt; and the consequence was that the two were always disputing, much to the edification of the rest of the house. It should be added, that, in addition to his partiality for whistling, Mr. Wisbottle had a great idea of his singing powers. There were two other boarders besides the gentleman in the back drawing-room—Mr. Alfred Tomkins, and Mr. Frederick O'Bleary. Mr. Tomkins was a clerk in a wine house; he was a connoisseur in paintings, and had a wonderful eye for the picturesque. Mr. O'Bleary was an Irishman, recently imported; he was in a perfectly wild state, and had come over to England to be an apothecary, a clerk in a government office, an actor, a reporter, or anything else that turned up—he was not particular. He was on familiar terms with two small Irish members, and got franks for everybody in the house. Like all Irishmen when they first come to England, he felt convinced that his intrinsic merits must procure him a high destiny. He wore shepherds'-plaid inexpressibles, and used to look under all the ladies' bonnets as he walked along the streets. His manners and appearance always forcibly reminded one of Orson.

"Here comes Mr. Wisbottle," said Tibbs; and Mr. Wisbottle forthwith appeared in blue slippers, and a shawl dressing-gown, whistling "*Di piacer.*"

"Good morning, Sir," said Tibbs again. It was about the only thing he ever said to any body.

"How are you, Tibbs?" condescendingly replied the amateur; and he walked to the window, and whistled louder than ever.

"Pretty air that!" said Evenson with a snarl, and without taking his eyes off the paper.

"Glad you like it," replied Wisbottle, highly gratified.

"Don't you think it would sound better, if you whistled it a little louder?" inquired the mastiff.

"No; I don't think it would," rejoined the unconscious Wisbottle.

"I'll tell you what, Wisbottle," said Evenson, who had been bottling up his anger for some hours, "the next time you feel disposed to whistle, 'The Light Guitar,' at five o'clock in the morning, I'll trouble you to whistle it with your head out o' window. If you don't, I'll learn the triangle—I will by —."

The entrance of Mrs. Tibbs (with the keys in a little basket) interrupted the threat, and prevented its conclusion.

Mrs. Tibbs apologized for being down rather late; the bell was rung; James brought up the urn, and received an unlimited order for dry toast and bacon. Tibbs sat himself down at the bottom of the table and began eating water-cresses like a second Nebuchadnezzar. Mr. O'Bleary appeared and Mr. Alfred Tomkins. The compliments of the morning were exchanged, and the tea was made.

"God bless me," exclaimed Tomkins, who had been looking out at window. "Here—Wisbottle—pray come here; make haste."

Mr. Wisbottle started from table, and every one looked up.

"Do you see," said the connoisseur, placing Wisbottle in the right position—"a little more this way: there—do you see how splendidly the light falls upon the left side of that broken chimney-pot at No. 48?"

"Dear me—I see," replied Wisbottle in a tone of admiration.

"Never saw an object stand out so beautifully against the clear sky in my life," ejaculated Alfred. Every body (except John Evenson) echoed the sentiment, for Mr. Tomkins had a great character for finding out beauties which no one else could discover—he certainly deserved it.

"I have frequently observed a chimney-pot in College-street, Dublin, which has a much better effect," said the patriotic O'Bleary, who never allowed Ireland to be outdone on any point.

The assertion was received with obvious incredulity, for Mr. Tomkins declared that no other chimney-pot in the United Kingdom, broken or unbroken, could be so beautiful as the one at No. 48.

The room door was suddenly thrown open, and Agnes appeared leading in Mrs. Bloss, who was dressed in a geranium-coloured muslin gown, and displayed a gold watch of the dimensions of a breakfast-cup; a chain like a gilt street-door chain, and a splendid assortment of rings, with stones about the size of half-crowns. A general rush was made for a chair, and a regular introduction took place. Mr. John Evenson made a slight inclination of the head: Mr. Frederick O'Bleary, Mr. Alfred Tomkins, and Mr. Wisbottle bowed like the mandarins in a grocer's shop; and Tibbs rubbed his hands, and went round in circles. He was observed to close one eye, and to assume a clock-work sort of expression with the other; this has been considered as a wink, and it has been reported that Agnes was its object. We repel the calumny, and challenge contradiction.

Mrs. Tibbs inquired after Mrs. Bloss's health in a low tone. Mrs. Bloss, with a supreme contempt for the memory of Lindley Murray, answered the various questions in a most satisfactory manner; and a pause ensued, during which the eatables disappeared with awful rapidity.

"You must have been very much pleased with the appearance of the ladies going to the drawing-room the other day, Mr. O'Bleary?" said Mrs. Tibbs, hoping to start a topic.

"Yes;" replied Orson, with a mouthful of toast.

"Never saw any thing like it before, I suppose?" suggested Wisbottle.

"No—except the Lord Lieutenant's levees," replied O'Bleary.

"Are they at all equal to our drawing-rooms?"

"Oh, infinitely superior."

"'Gad I don't know," said the aristocratic Wisbottle, "the Dowager Marchioness of Publiccash was most magnificently dressed, and so was the Baron Slapenbachhausen."

"What was he presented on?" inquired Evenson.

"On his arrival in England."

"I thought so," growled the radical; "you never hear of these fellows being presented on their going away again. They know better than that."

"Unless somebody pervades them with an apintment," said Mrs. Bloss, joining in the conversation in a faint voice.

"Well," said Wisbottle, evading the point, "it's a splendid sight."

"And did it never occur to you," inquired the radical, who never would be quiet,— "did it never occur to you, that you pay for these precious ornaments of society?"

"It certainly *has* occurred to me," said Wisbottle, who thought this answer was a poser; "it *has* occurred to me, and I am willing to pay for them."

"Well, and it has occurred to me too," replied John Evenson, "and I an't willing to pay for 'em. Then why should I?—I say, why should I?" continued the politician, laying down the paper, and knocking his knuckles on the table. "There are two great principles—demand—"

"A cup of tea if you please, dear," interrupted Tibbs.

"And supply—"

"May I trouble you to hand this tea to Mr. Tibbs?" said Mrs. Tibbs, interrupting the argument, and unconsciously illustrating it.

The thread of the orator's discourse was broken. He drank his tea and resumed the paper.

"If it's very fine," said Mr. Alfred Tomkins, addressing the company in general, "I shall ride down to Richmond to-day, and come back by the steamer. There are some splendid effects of light and shade on the Thames; the contrast between the blueness of the sky and the yellow water is frequently exceedingly beautiful." Mr. Wisbottle hummed, "Flow on, thy shining river."

"We have some splendid steam-vessels in Ireland," said O'Bleary.

"Certainly," said Mrs. Bloss, delighted to find a subject broached in which she could take part.

"The accommodations are extraordinary," said O'Bleary.

"Extraordinary indeed," returned Mrs. Bloss. "When Mr. Bloss was alive he was promiscuously obligated to go to Ireland on business. I went with him, and raly the manner in which the ladies and gentlemen were accommodated with births, is not creditable."

Tibbs, who had been listening to the dialogue, looked very aghast, and evinced a strong inclination to ask a question, but was checked by a look from his wife. Mr. Wisbottle laughed, and said Tomkins had made a pun; and Tomkins laughed too, and said he hadn't."

The remainder of the meal passed off as beakfasts usually do. Conversation flagged, and people played with their tea-spoons. The gentlemen looked out at the window; walked about the room, and when they got near the door, dropped off one by one. Tibbs retired to the back parlour by his wife's orders, to check the green-grocer's weekly account; and ultimately Mrs. Tibbs and Mrs. Bloss were left alone together.

"Oh dear," said the latter, "I feel alarmingly faint; it's very

singular." (It certainly was, for she had eaten four pounds of solids that morning.) "By-the-by," said Mrs. Bloss, "I have not seen Mr. what's-his-name yet."

"Mr. Gobler?" suggested Mrs. Tibbs.

"Yes."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Tibbs, "he is a most mysterious person. He has his meals regularly sent up stairs, and sometimes don't leave his room for weeks together."

"I haven't seen or heard nothing of him," repeated Mrs. Bloss.

"I dare say you'll hear him to-night," replied Mrs. Tibbs; "he generally groans a good deal on Sunday evenings."

"I never felt such an interest in any one in my life," ejaculated Mrs. Bloss. A finicking double-knock interrupted the conversation; Doctor Wosky was announced, and duly shown in. He was a little man with a red face, dressed of course in black, with a stiff white neckerchief. He had a very good practice, and plenty of money; which he had amassed by invariably humouring the worst fancies of all the females of all the families he had ever been introduced into. Mrs. Tibbs offered to retire, but was entreated to stay.

"Well, my dear ma'am, and how are we?" inquired Wosky in a soothing tone.

"Very ill, doctor—very ill," said Mrs. Bloss in a whisper.

"Ah! we must take care of ourselves;—we must, indeed," said the obsequous Wosky, as he felt the pulse of his interesting patient. "How is our appetite?"

Mrs. Bloss shook her head.

"Our friend requires great care," said Wosky, appealing to Mrs. Tibbs, who of course assented. "I hope, however, with the blessing of Providence," continued the Doctor, "that we shall be enabled to make her quite stout again." Mrs. Tibbs wondered in her own mind what the patient would be when she had got quite stout; for she looked like a pincushion on castors already.

"We must take stimulants," said the cunning Wosky—"plenty of nourishment, and above all, we must keep our nerves quiet; we positively must not give way to our sensibilities. We must take all we can get," concluded the Doctor as he pocketed his fee, "and we must keep quiet."

"Dear man!" exclaimed Mrs. Bloss, as the Doctor stepped into his carriage.

"Charming creature, indeed—quite a lady's man," said Mrs. Tibbs; and Dr. Wosky rattled away to make fresh gulls of delicate females, and pocket fresh fees.

As we had occasion in a former paper to describe a dinner at Mrs. Tibbs', and as one meal went off very like another on all ordinary occasions, we will not fatigue our readers by entering into any other detailed account of the domestic economy of the establishment. We will, therefore, proceed to events, merely premising that the mysterious tenant of the back drawing-room was a lazy, selfish, hypochondriac; always complaining and never ill. As his character in many respects closely assimilated to that of Mrs. Bloss, a very warm friendship soon sprung up between them. He was tall, thin, and pale; he

always fancied he had got a severe pain somewhere or other, and his face invariably wore a pinched, screwed-up expression; he looked like a man who had got his feet in a tub of exceedingly hot water against his will.

For two or three months after Mrs. Bloss's first appearance in Coram-street, John Evenson was observed to become every day more sarcastic and more ill-natured, and there was a degree of additional importance in his manner, which clearly showed that he fancied he had discovered something, which he only wanted a proper opportunity of divulging. He found it at last.

One evening, the different inmates of the house were assembled in the drawing-room engaged in their ordinary occupations. Mr. Gobler and Mrs. Bloss were sitting at a small card-table near the centre window, playing cribbage; Mr. Wisbottle was describing semi-circles on the music stool, turning over the leaves of a book on the piano, and humming most melodiously; Alfred Tomkins was sitting at the round table with his elbows duly squared, making a pencil sketch of a head considerably larger than his own; O'Bleary was reading Horace, and trying to look as if he understood it; and John Evenson had drawn his chair close to Mrs. Tibbs' work-table, and was talking to her very earnestly in a low tone.

"I can assure you, Mrs. Tibbs," said the radical, laying his forefinger on the muslin she was at work on; "I can assure you, Mrs. Tibbs, that nothing but the interest I take in your welfare would induce me to make this communication. I repeat that I fear Wisbottle is endeavouring to gain the affections of that young woman Agnes, and that he is in the habit of meeting her in the store-room on the first floor, over the leads. From my bed-room I distinctly heard voices there last night. I opened my door immediately and crept very softly on to the landing; there I saw Mr. Tibbs, who, it seems, had been disturbed also.—Bless me, Mrs. Tibbs, you change colour."

"No, no,—it's nothing," returned Mrs. T. in a hurried manner; "it's only the heat of the room."

"A flush!" ejaculated Mrs. Bloss from the card-table; "that's good for four."

"If I thought it was Mr. Wisbottle," said Mrs. Tibbs, after a pause, "he should leave this house instantly."

"Go!" said Mrs. Bloss again.

"And if I thought," continued the hostess with a most threatening air, "if I thought he was assisted by Mr. Tibbs"—

"One for his nob!" said Gobler.

"Oh," said Evenson, in a most soothing tone;—he always liked to make mischief—"I should hope Mr. Tibbs was not in any way implicated. He has always appeared to me very harmless."

"I have generally found him so," sobbed poor little Mrs. Tibbs; crying like a watering pot in full play.

"Hush! hush! pray—Mrs. Tibbs,—consider;—we shall be observed—pray, don't!" said John Evenson, fearing his whole plan would be interrupted. "We will set the matter at rest with the utmost care, and I shall be most happy to assist you in doing so."

Mrs. Tibbs murmured her thanks.

"When you think every one has retired to rest to-night," said Evenson very pompously, "if you'll meet me without a light, just outside my bed-room door, by the staircase window, I think we can ascertain who the parties really are, and you will afterwards be enabled to proceed as you think proper."

Mrs. Tibbs was easily persuaded; her curiosity was excited, her jealousy was roused, and the arrangement was forthwith made. She resumed her work, and John Evenson walked up and down the room with his hands in his pockets, looking as if nothing had happened. The game of cribbage was over, and conversation began again.

"Well, Mr. O'Bleary," said the humming-top, turning round on his pivot, and facing the company, "what did you think of Vauxhall the other night?"

"Oh, it's very fair," replied Orson, who had been enthusiastically delighted with the whole exhibition.

"Never saw any thing like that Captain Ross's set-out—eh?"

"No," returned the patriot with his usual reservation—"except in Dublin."

"I saw the Count de Canky and Captain Fitzthompson in the Gardens," said Wisbottle; "they appeared much delighted."

"Then it must be beautiful!" snarled Evenson.

"I think the white bears is partickerlerly well done, suggested Mrs. Bloss. "In their shaggy white coats they look just like Polar bears—don't you think they do, Mr. Evenson?"

"I think they look a great deal more like omnibus cads on all fours," replied the discontented one.

"Upon the whole, I should have liked our evening very well," gasped Gobler; "only I caught a desperate cold which increased my pain dreadfully; I was obliged to have several shower baths, before I could leave my room."

"Capital things those shower-baths!" ejaculated Wisbottle.

"Excellent!" said Tomkins.

"Delightful!" chimed in O'Bleary. (He had seen one once, outside a tinman's.)

"Disgusting machines!" rejoined Evenson, who extended his dislike to almost every created object, masculine, feminine, or neuter.

"Disgusting, Mr. Evenson!" said Gobler in a tone of strong indignation.—"Disgusting! Look at their utility—consider how many lives they've saved by promoting perspiration."

"Promoting perspiration, indeed," growled John Evenson, stopping short in his walk across the large squares in the pattern of the carpet—"I was ass enough to be persuaded some time ago to have one in my bedroom—'Gad, I was in it once, and it effectually cured me certainly, for the mere sight of it threw me into a profuse perspiration for six months afterwards."

A general titter followed this announcement, and before it had subsided, James brought up "the tray," containing the remains of a leg of lamb which had made its *début* at dinner; bread, cheese; an atom of butter in a forest of parsley, one pickled walnut and the third of another, and so forth. The boy disappeared, and returned

again with another tray, containing glasses and jugs of hot and cold water. The gentlemen brought in their spirit bottles; the housemaid placed divers brass bedroom candlesticks under the card-table, and the servants retired for the night.

Chairs were drawn round the table, and the conversation proceeded in the customary manner. John Evenson, who never eat supper, lolled on the sofa, and amused himself by contradicting everybody. O'Bleary eat as much as he could conveniently carry, and Mrs Tibbs felt a due degree of indignation thereat; Mr. Gobler and Mrs. Bloss conversed most affectionately on the subject of pill-taking and other innocent amusements; and Tomkins and Wisbottle "got into an argument;" that is to say, they both talked very loudly and vehemently, each flattering himself that he had got some advantage about something, and neither of them having more than a very indistinct idea of what they were talking about. An hour or two passed away; and the boarders and the brass candlesticks retired in pairs to their respective bed-rooms. John Evenson pulled off his boots, locked his door, and determined to sit up until Mr. Gobler had retired. He always sat in the drawing-room about an hour after everybody else had left it, taking medicine, and groaning.

Great Coram-street was hushed into a state of the most profound repose; it was nearly two o'clock. A hackney coach now and then rumbled slowly by; and occasionally some stray lawyer's clerk on his way home to Somers Town struck his iron-heel on the top of the coal-cellar with a noise resembling the click of a smoke-jack. A low, monotonous, gushing sound was heard which added considerably to the romantic dreariness of the scene. It was the water "coming in" at No. 11.

"He must be asleep by this time," said John Evenson to himself, after waiting with exemplary patience for nearly an hour after Mr. Gobler had left the drawing-room. He listened for a few moments; the house was perfectly quiet; he extinguished his rushlight, and opened his bed-room door. The staircase was so dark that it was impossible to see anything.

"S—s—fit!" whispered the mischief-maker, making a noise like the first indication a catherine-wheel gives of the probability of its going off.

"Hush!" whispered somebody else.

"Is that you, Mrs. Tibbs?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Where?"

"Here;" and the misty outline of Mrs. Tibbs appeared at the staircase-window, like the ghost of Queen Anne in the tent-scene in Richard.

"This way, Mrs. Tibbs;" whispered the delighted busybody: "give me your hand—there. Whoever these people are, they are in the store-room now, for I have been looking down from my window, and I could see that they accidentally upset their candlestick, and are now in darkness. You have no shoes on, have you?"

"No," said little Mrs. Tibbs, who could hardly speak for trembling.

"Well; I have taken my boots off, so we can go down close to the store-room door and listen over the bannisters," continued Evenson; and down stairs they both crept accordingly, every board creaking like a patent mangle on a Saturday afternoon.

"It's Wisbottle and somebody I'll swear," exclaimed the radical in an energetic whisper, when they had listened for a few moments.

"Hush—pray let's hear what they say," exclaimed Mrs. Tibbs, the gratification of whose curiosity was now paramount to every other consideration.

"Ah! if I could but believe you," said a female voice coquetishly, "I'd be bound to settle my missis for life."

"What does she say?" inquired Mr. Evenson, who was not quite so well situated as his companion.

"She says she'll settle her missis's life," replied Mrs. Tibbs. "The wretch! they're plotting murder."

"I know you want money," continued the voice, which belonged to Agnes; "and if you'd secure me the five hundred pounds, I warrant she should take fire soon enough."

"What's that?" inquired Evenson again. He could just hear enough to want to hear more.

"I think she says she'll set the house on fire," replied the affrighted Mrs. Tibbs. "Thank God I'm insured in the Phoenix!"

"The moment I have secured your mistress, my dear," said a man's voice in a strong Irish brogue, "you may depend on having the money."

"Bless my soul, it's Mr. O'Bleary!" exclaimed Mrs. Tibbs in a parenthesis.

"The villain!" said the indignant Mr. Evenson.

"The first thing to be done," continued the Hibernian, "is to poison Mr. Gobler's mind."

"Oh, certainly!" returned Agnes, with the utmost coolness.

"What's that?" inquired Evenson again, in an agony of curiosity and a whisper.

"He says she's to mind and poison Mr. Gobler," replied Mrs. Tibbs, perfectly aghast at this awful sacrifice of human life.

"And in regard to Mrs. Tibbs," continued O'Bleary.—Mrs. Tibbs shuddered.

"Hush!" exclaimed Agnes, in a tone of the greatest alarm, just as Mrs. Tibbs was on the extreme verge of a fainting fit. "Hush!"

"Hush!" exclaimed Evenson, at the same moment to Mrs. Tibbs.

"There's somebody coming *up* stairs," said Agnes to O'Bleary.

"There's somebody coming *down* stairs," whispered Evenson to Mrs. Tibbs.

"Go into the parlour, Sir," said Agnes to her companion. "You'll get there before whoever it is gets to the top of the kitchen stairs."

"The drawing-room, Mrs. Tibbs!" whispered the astonished Evenson to his equally astonished companion; and for the drawing-room they both made, plainly hearing the rustling of two persons coming down stairs, and one coming up.

"What can it be?" exclaimed Mrs. Tibbs. "It's like a dream. I wouldn't be found in this situation for the world."

"Nor I," returned Evenson, who could never bear a joke at his own expense. "Hush! here they are at the door."

"What fun!" whispered one of the new comers.—It was Wisbottle.

"Glorious!" replied his companion, in an equally low tone. This was Alfred Tomkins. "Who would have thought it?"

"I told you so," said Wisbottle, in a most knowing whisper. "Lord bless you, he has paid her most extraordinary attention for the last two months. I saw 'em when I was sitting at the piano to-night."

"Well, do you know I didn't notice it?" interrupted Tomkins.

"Not notice it!" continued Wisbottle. "Bless you; I saw him whispering to her, and she crying; and then I'll swear I heard him say something about to-night when we were all in bed."

"They're talking of *us*," exclaimed the agonized Mrs. Tibbs, as the painful suspicion, and a sense of their situation, flashed upon her mind.

"I know it—I know it," replied Evenson, with a melancholy consciousness that there was no mode of escape.

"What's to be done—we cannot both stop here," ejaculated Mrs. Tibbs in a state of partial derangement.

"I'll get up the chimney," replied Evenson, who really meant what he said.

"You can't," said Mrs. Tibbs in despair. "You can't—it's a register stove."

"Hush!" repeated John Evenson.

"Hush—hush!" cried somebody down stairs.

"What a d—d hushing!" said Alfred Tomkins, who began to get rather bewildered.

"There they are!" exclaimed the sapient Wisbottle, as a rustling noise was heard in the store-room.

"Hark!" whispered both the young men.

"Hark!" repeated Mrs. Tibbs and Evenson.

"Let me alone, Sir," said a female voice in the store-room.

"Oh, Hagnes!" cried another voice, which clearly belonged to Tibbs, for nobody else ever owned one like it. "Oh, Hagnes—lovely creature!"

"Be quiet, Sir," (a bounce.)

"Hag—"

"Be quiet, Sir,—I am ashamed of you. Think of your wife, Mr. Tibbs.—Be quiet, Sir."

"My wife!" exclaimed the valorous Tibbs, who was clearly under the influence of gin-and-water, and a misplaced attachment; "I ate her! Oh, Hagnes! when I was in the volunteer corps, in eighteen hundred and—"

"I declare I'll scream.—Be quiet, Sir, will you?" (Another bounce, and a scuffle.)

"What's that?" exclaimed Tibbs with a start.

"What's what?" said Agnes, stopping short.

"Why, that!"

"Ah! you have done it nicely now, Sir," sobbed the frightened Agnes, as a tapping was heard at Mrs. Tibbs' bed-room door, which would have beat any twelve woodpeckers hollow.

"Mrs. Tibbs! Mrs. Tibbs!" called out Mrs. Bloss. "Mrs. Tibbs, pray get up." (Here the imitation of a woodpecker was resumed with tenfold violence.)

"O dear—dear!" exclaimed the wretched partner of the depraved Tibbs. "She's knocking at my door. We must be discovered. What will they think?"

"Mrs. Tibbs! Mrs. Tibbs!" screamed the woodpecker again.

"What's the matter?" shouted Gobler, bursting out of the back drawing-room, like the dragon at Astley's—only without the portable gas in his countenance.

"Oh, Mr. Gobler!" cried Mrs. Bloss, with a proper approximation to hysterics; "I think the house is on fire, or else there's thieves in it. I have heard the most dreadful noises."

"The devil you have!" shouted Gobler again, bouncing back into his den, in happy imitation of the aforesaid dragon, and returning immediately with a lighted candle. "Why, what's this? Wisbottle! Tomkins! O'Bleary! Agnes! What the deuce, all up and dressed?"

"Astonishing!" said Mrs. Bloss, who had run down stairs, and taken Mr. Gobler's arm.

"Call Mrs. Tibbs directly, somebody," said Gobler, turning into the front drawing-room. "What! Mrs. Tibbs and Mr. Evenson!"

"Mrs. Tibbs and Mr. Evenson!" repeated every body, as that unhappy pair were discovered, Mrs. Tibbs seated in an arm-chair by the fire-place, and Mr. Evenson standing by her side.

We must leave the scene that ensued to the reader's imagination. We could tell how Mrs. Tibbs forthwith fainted away, and how it required the united strength of Mr. Wisbottle and Mr. Alfred Tomkins to hold her in her chair; how Mr. Evenson explained, and how his explanation was evidently disbelieved it;—how Agnes repelled the accusations of Mrs. Tibbs, by proving that she was negotiating with Mr. O'Bleary to influence her mistress's affections in his behalf; and how Mr. Gobler threw a damp counterpane on the hopes of Mr. O'Bleary by avowing that he (Gobler) had already proposed to, and been accepted by, Mrs. Bloss;—how Agnes was discharged from that lady's service; how Mr. O'Bleary discharged himself from Mrs. Tibbs' house, without going through the form of previously discharging his bill; and how that disappointed young gentleman rails against England and the English, and vows there is no virtue or fine feeling extant, "except in Ireland." We repeat that we *could* tell all this, but we love to exercise our self-denial, and we therefore prefer leaving it to be imagined.

The lady whom we have hitherto described as Mrs. Bloss, is no more. Mrs. Gobler exists: Mrs. Bloss has left us for ever. In a secluded retreat in Newington Butts, far—far removed from the noisy strife of that great boarding-house the world, the enviable

Gobler, and his pleasing wife, revel in retirement; happy in their complaints, their table, and their medicine; wafted through life by the grateful prayers of all the purveyors of animal food within three miles round.

We would willingly stop here, but we have a painful duty imposed upon us, which we must discharge. Mr. and Mrs. Tibbs have separated by mutual consent, Mrs. Tibbs receiving one moiety of the 43*l.* 15*s.* 10*d.* which we before stated to be the amount of her husband's annual income, and Mr. Tibbs the other. He is spending the evening of his days in retirement, and he is spending also annually that small but honourable independence. He resides among the original settlers at Walworth, and it has been stated, on unquestionable authority, that the conclusion of the volunteer story has been heard in a small tavern in that respectable neighbourhood.

The unfortunate Mrs. Tibbs has determined to dispose of the whole of her furniture by public auction, and to retire from a residence in which she has suffered so much. Mr. Robins has been applied to, to conduct the sale, and the transcendent abilities of the literary gentleman connected with his establishment, are now devoted to the task of drawing up the preliminary advertisement. It is to contain, among a variety of brilliant matter, seventy-eight words in large capitals, and six *original* quotations in inverted commas.

We fear Mrs. Tibb's determination is irrevocable. Should she, however, be induced to rescind it, we may become once again her faithful biographer.

Boz.

LIFE: A SKETCH.

I stood upon the beach—a rustic train
 Had gather'd round a body, which the surge
 Had dash'd upon the strand—the boisterous main
 Lash'd the wild rocks with never-ceasing scourge;
 Above the sea-bird scream'd his funeral dirge,
 And darted thro' the scud, which, like the mane
 Of the wild war-horse, danced before the gale.
 Far off, with straining mast and flickering sail,
 A little bark was bending to its home—
 Now hanging on the verge of some vast wave
 Precipitous—now plunging in the foam,
 Where the abyss yawn'd wide as for its grave.
 Anon the gusty ravings of the storm

Would howl along the yeasty deep, and fling
The spray into the air, and then subside
Into a low and sullen muttering.

* * * * *

There was a humble cottage on the cliff,
And that had been his home—the very crag
'Neath which he lay, wrapp'd in a tatter'd flag,
Had been a sea-mark to his little skiff
Across the perilous sea.
But one hour past, and thro' the shadows dark
His heart had hail'd its tall and jagged side;
There was a resting-place for his frail bark
From the rude buffets of the stormy tide,
And there, too, would his boy and his young bride
Receive the wanderer to his home, and weep
For joy. Then came the loud and pitiless blast,
And the boat heel'd, and the big wave did sweep
Fierce o'er her crazy sides. It could not last,
But in the greedy bosom of the deep,
Hope, joy, life—all was whelm'd!

Upon a rock

His son above his father's body leant;
His eye was tearless, for the mighty shock
Of sudden woe, that desolates the heart
And numbs the soul, wants tears. But once he woke
From his cold torpor, on his father bent
His eye, and his breast heaved, and a deep sigh
Told the rack'd bosom's speechless agony.
But there were tears on many an iron cheek,
The tributary sympathy of rude
Yet kindly hearts; and in low sounds they spake,
As fearful that a louder voice might break
The stripling mourner's sacred solitude.

* * * * *

He heard the trampling of a steed—it bore
One who made certainty more certain—one
(So wills the law) to search out death.

* * * * *

* * * * A brief inquiry past—
 “But there were three,” he said, “and where are they?”
 His foot was in the stirrup as the last
 Words roused again the mourner.—“In the bay,
 And the next tide will land them as it may.”

He turned his horse—a hand upon his rein
 Was laid ; the other pointed to a speck
 That, toss’d upon the billow, seem’d to gain
 The shore by slow degrees—it was the wreck
 Of a once noble creature ; as again
 It reach’d the land, unconscious now of pain—
 A moment, and his mate was at its side,
 Brothers in danger, brothers too in death ;
 And as they perish’d in the tempest’s wrath,
 A pang more bitter than the whelming wave
 Was for the friend each loved, but could not save.

And they now lay upon the sands ; the tide
 Gleaming beneath the faint and watery ray,
 That breaks the clouds of winter’s cheerless day,
 In cruel mockery burst upon them ; there
 Lay quieted in death the dauntless breast.
 I gazed upon the dripping matted hair,
 The pallid cheek, the cold blue lips ; the chest
 Broad, muscular, and sinewy, was bare ;
 And there was blood upon the livid brow ;
 While the sunk eye, the bloodless hand and arm,
 Form’d a sad contrast, that as by a charm
 Fix’d the spectator, tho’ his blood ran slow,
 And curdled in his veins. * * * *

And this is life.

CONVERSATION WITH A SPANISH LIBERAL.

ZUMALACARREGUY—RODIL—AND THE CURA MERINO.

“ J'ai vu les mœurs de mon temps, et j'ai publié ces lettres.”

THE present position of affairs in the Peninsula is replete with interest. Notwithstanding the formidable quadruple alliance, there is still a party in Spain ready to dispute the Queen's succession—a party not only formidable in numbers, but commanded by men who have succeeded in inspiring their followers with the most unbounded confidence in their measures, and now it seems further strengthened by the presence of their acknowledged sovereign. One is curious to know something more than mere rumour of men who occupy so distinguished a place in the fortunes of Spain. What is reported of them is so coloured by the medium through which it passes, that it is difficult to arrive at a correct estimate. I was, however, fortunate enough to encounter a Spaniard of my acquaintance, who from potential reasons has for some years past been more familiar with the sombre magnificence of Hyde Park than the more piquant beauties of the Prado de Toledo, who has been formerly mixed up with most of the Spanish leaders, and is well acquainted with all. The following conversation passed between us.

“ And pray who is this doughty countrymen of yours who figures so conspicuously? who is this Juan Zumalacarreguy, who has *remis en question*, the Spanish succession,—who sports with the famous quadruple treaty as Willem Van Nassau does with our protocols, and at whose (outlandish) name, Rothschild and our English bondholders turn pale, and exclaim, ‘hope deferred maketh the heart sick?’ ”

“ *Ora quien es?* Who is he indeed? *Es un traidor y ladrón.* In plain English,—he is a traitor and a thief,” replied my Spanish friend, in an angry tone.

“ Two points, in which, Amigo,” I rejoined, “ you must allow that he is not singular. The intestine troubles of your country have displayed a lamentable incongruity of political character in almost all your public men, who with a Protean flexibility have adapted their principles to all the varying phases that for some years past have marked the political horizon of Spain, and have enlisted themselves as readily under the banner of absolutism as under that of the Constitution. But a truce to these reflections; *donnez moi des renseignements* upon this Spanish Vendean.”

“ Juan Zumalacarreguy,” said my companion, after admitting the justice of my observation, “ is one of those men whom revolutions drag from a state of insignificance to enact a splendid part in the great drama of human life. In the year 1820 he was only a captain of infantry, and well known for his ardent attachment to the Constitution. During the short struggle in 1823 which followed the unhalloed intervention of the French Bourbons, Zumalacarreguy, who was escorting a convoy of prisoners to Pampelona, was suddenly surprised by a party of guerillas of the Army of Faith, and after a

feeble resistance, made prisoner and conducted to Irati. From this place he made his escape, but on reaching Pampelona he was immediately arrested, and brought to a court-martial on a charge of treachery. On the day previous to receiving his sentence, which, throughout the garrison of that place, it was notorious would be a passport to the next world, Zumalacarreguy again succeeded in effecting his escape, and reached the head-quarters of the Army of Faith in safety, in whose ranks he immediately obtained the grade of colonel. From that period till the year 1831 he continued in active service, and in high favour with Ferdinand; but on the disgrace of the royalist volunteers he retired to his native province, Navarre, to the viceroy of which he was acting as military secretary on the demise of his benefactor Ferdinand. That Zumalacarreguy would have espoused the cause of his royal patron's daughter there can be no doubt, had he not received from the court an affront which sunk deeply into a mind like his—he was left out in the list of promotions so prodigally made by the Queen-Regent on assuming the reins of government; thence his adherence to the cause of Don Carlos."

"And which makes good," said I, laughing, "your old Spanish proverb, '*Es el occasion que hace el ladron.*' And yet from his actions, I must presume him to be a man of superior abilities, and peculiarly fitted for the part he has to play."

"There you are right. His greatest enemies do not deny him the possession of extraordinary skill and energy of character. It must not be forgotten that the bravery of El Pastor, the activity of Lorenzo, and the veteran experience of Quesada, have all in their turn been baffled by his skill and the mountain bravery of the bands he commands. With these he has recently executed a successful march upon Biscay to cover the disembarkation of arms and ammunition sent out from this country; and on his return, he turned the machinations of his foes against themselves, and defeated them with great slaughter."

"And how much longer," said I, interrupting him, "will this singular state of society endure in Spain, which appears to loathe all improvement, and cling with religious fanaticism to an order of things incompatible with that philosophical spirit of reform, which almost in every other part of Europe is removing, stone by stone, the mouldering fragments of the mighty edifice reared by feudal barbarism and monkish superstition."

"The view you have taken of my country," said the Spaniard, "is not quite correct, though I am aware the one generally taken in England. You must not suppose that the inhabitants of insurgent provinces are so much under the influence of the priesthood as it is generally represented; this is a popular error, which in this country causes the real position of Spain to be viewed through a false medium. These people are actually in arms for the defence of their *fueros* (communities), which are more extensive than those enjoyed by any other population in Europe; they consist in the power of choosing their own magistrates—of furnishing their own contingent to the army, and of importing foreign goods free of duty; these Don Carlos has promised to maintain, and hence their attachment to his

cause ; so they are literally fighting you see, *pro aris et focis*, for such an order of things as is incompatible with a system of good government, that would place upon the same footing the privileges of every province of Spain."

"From what you have just told me, then, it is evident that the celebrated Rodil will have some harder work cut out for him than he met with in his late military promenade in Portugal."

"José Ramon Rodil," continued my Spanish friend, "is, as you say, indeed an extraordinary man, the *ultimum Romanorum*, the last of a species which Spain alone has produced ; and who, in the closing scene of her dominion in South America, displayed the terrible energy, unshaken firmness of character, and atrocious cold-blooded cruelty, that so peculiarly distinguished the warriors of the Cortez and Pizarro schools.

"The close of the general war saw Rodil a lieutenant-colonel ; and without hopes of promotion at home, he went out to South America. Long will the dark-eyed maiden of the valleys of Peru continue to grow pale at the name of Rodil. Humanity shudders at the recital of his atrocities ; he hunted down the unfortunate patriots as if they had belonged to a distinct species. '*Con que amigo,*' said the general, with freezing irony, one day, to a patriot officer who had just been brought in prisoner ; '*Con que estas patrioto ?* So you are a patriot ?—one of those, too, whose *devise* is independence or death.' The patriot officer, with folded arms, directed a look of withering scorn at his country's oppressor, but made no reply. 'Well,' continued Rodil, in the same tone of bitter raillery, 'as independence is a thing perfectly out of the question, you can have no objection to my countersigning your passport for the next world, or in other words, to my qualifying you for the latter condition of your national motto.' And then, turning to an orderly officer, he said, with the most perfect nonchalance, '*Matta-le.*' The unfortunate officer was immediately led out, and in a few minutes the fire of a platoon convinced the general that his victim had, by means of his passport, passed the barrier of eternity.

"It is to be regretted," continued my narrator, "that Rodil should have tarnished his bright military fame by acts of atrocious cruelty, such as I have narrated to you, for he is really a brave and experienced soldier ; and his heroic defence of the castles of Callao will occupy a distinguished place in the annals of sieges. After the battle of Ayacucho he refused to ratify that article of the capitulation entered into by Generals Canterac and Sucre, to deliver up the fortress of Callao, of which he was at the time governor ; and made preparations for a vigorous defence : and such indeed it proved ; he held out this fortress for upwards of eighteen months, exposed to almost constant bombardment from the batteries of the patriots, to famine, and the dreadful effects of a contagious fever, that proved even more fatal than the fire of the enemy. The miseries and privations of the unfortunate inhabitants and garrison during this siege almost baffle description. Suffice it to say, that out of 4,000 persons, many of them belonging to the first families in Lima, who had adhered to the royalist cause, not a tithe escaped. More than once the troops un-

der his command broke out into open mutiny, which was quelled by his *sang froid* and presence of mind. His conduct on one of these occasions will afford you a tolerable insight into the character of this extraordinary man.

"Towards the close of the siege, when almost every atom of provision had been consumed, even to the very rats (that at its commencement were so numerous, and on which they had latterly subsisted), and all hope of succour from the mother country had vanished, Rodil, who had mined the fortress in every direction, with the intention of blowing it up, rather than surrender it to the abhorred patriots, learned that two regiments of Buenos Ayrean infantry, who formed part of the garrison, were plotting to deliver up the castle. Unable by his emissaries to discover the ringleaders of the plot, Rodil at last accomplished it by one of the most cold-blooded stratagems of which the annals of war furnish an example. He assembled the two regiments in question, and after, in very explicit terms, telling them that, despairing of relief, he had determined to bury himself and his faithful Spaniards beneath the ruins of the fortress, he finished by adding that as they were Americans, forced against their will and inclination into the Spanish ranks, that such as wished to leave the garrison and abandon the royal cause were free to do so. 'Such of you, therefore,' said the general, with that winning tone he can so well assume, 'who wish to take advantage of my offer, advance out of the ranks, and form twenty paces in front of the regiment.' Overjoyed at the prospect of escaping from their impending fate, the commanding officer, several captains and subalterns, and some 60 or 70 file, quitted the ranks, and formed as they were commanded, in advance of the line. At this moment, Rodil, who was smoking, removed the cigar from his mouth, and coolly gave the word to their comrades in the rear—*fuego!* It proved the knell of the conspirators: in an instant they were weltering in their gore! while the remainder of the garrison, struck with this display of terrible energy and cool determination, returned to their obedience.

"Rodil at last, convinced that all chance of relief was hopeless, and that the cause of Spain in America was irretrievably lost, signed an honourable capitulation under the guarantee of Sir Murray Maxwell, of His Majesty's ship *Briton*. When every obstacle had been removed, the *Briton* was moored close under the wall of the castle, and its indomitable governor, on signing the capitulation, immediately found himself under the protection of the British flag.*

* Bolivar was so enraged at the obstinate defence made by Rodil, and likewise for not ratifying the article of capitulation at Ayacucho, relative to the surrender of Callao, that he threatened to hang him if he fell into his hands. Rodil was, however, justified in the line of conduct he adopted, as the command of Callao was always derived direct from the king himself, and was independent of the viceroy of Peru.

The writer of the foregoing pages met General Rodil at the Rio de Janeiro, on his way to Europe, after his celebrated defence. His manners were as polished and bland as his exterior was stern and forbidding. The anecdotes given here of the general were current at the time in South America.

"On his return to Europe, Rodil was received with open arms by Ferdinand; in whose favour he held a distinguished place to the very hour of his death."

"From the sketch you have given me," I observed, "it appears that Rodil is, after all, a liberal rather *par ton* than *par sentiment*."

"Most unquestionably," was the reply I received, "the school in which he was educated was inimical to the growth of liberal opinions. And with some few exceptions this observation will apply to all the leading political characters in Spain."

"The re-appearance of Don Carlos in the insurgent provinces will singularly complicate the aspect of affairs. The extravagance and levity of the queen, and her shutting herself up at this moment with her cortejo, Munoz, at La Granja, in whom the people see a second Manuel Godoy, has exasperated and disgusted her partisans. Again the Estatuto Real for the convocation of the Cortes has disappointed the liberal party. By this document, that body will become a mere automaton, to be moved at the will of the court; a piece of lumber, like the old parliaments of France, having only the power of registering the decrees of the Court."

"Under these circumstances, there is no knowing what may be the effect should Don Carlos appear, and hoist his standard in the Basque provinces. Liberal as I am, I cannot conceal from myself that he has '*beau jeu en main*;' and if he but plays a bold and skilful game, I will not yet answer for the result. His re-appearance, too, in Spain may again introduce on the theatre of events a man whose extraordinary influence over the population of the Two Castiles is equivalent to an army,—I allude to the celebrated Cura Merino, whose life has been a romance, and a sketch of whose singular career I will put you in possession of, if your patience is not already exhausted—nay, disgusted, by the events I have just narrated to you."

After expressing myself highly amused and instructed by the information he had afforded me, my Spanish friend proceeded as follows:

"Geromino Merino, better known in Old Castile by the name of '*El Cura de Villaviado*,' is sprung from an obscure family. At an early age his parents sent him to learn Latin in the college at Lerma; but he had scarcely commenced his fourth class, before they recalled him home to tend a flock of goats which belonged to them."

"In the exercise of this pastoral occupation, which, by its tranquillity and monotonous uniformity, forms so striking a contrast with the chequered fate and fiery wroth of his subsequent career, Geromino continued until the death of the Cura de Villaviado. As there was at the time no one to fill the place of that priest, Merino was advised to lay aside the crook, and, as we say in England, to read for the church, which he accordingly did; and, at the end of six months, was admitted into holy orders. However, as the revenues of his living were extremely slender, and being by nature rather formed for a mountain life than the service of the church, he resumed his former occupation of a shepherd, and only quitted it on Sundays to say mass to his parishioners."

"A crook, a fowling-piece, a pair of pistols, and a long knife, with a large slouched hat, and a short cloak; such was the costume of the shepherd priest. He was usually accompanied by a child whom he passed off as his nephew, but who was, in fact, his natural son, and now a lieutenant-colonel in the Spanish army. This wandering life soon developed all the fiery passions of his soul.

"In the year 1808, a detachment of French Voltigeurs quartered at Lerma, received orders to move on Vallaviado. Merino was at the time leading the tranquil life we have described; but it so happened that, on the very day the French troops marched out of Vallaviado, he took the same route with his flock.

"For some time both parties held on their way very quietly, till some stragglers of the French party, either to divert themselves with that levity so natural to French soldiers, or with a view of vexing the Spaniard, took it into their heads to make Merino carry all their baggage. Accordingly, laying hands upon him, they loaded him with five or six firelocks, and seven or eight knapsacks; and with this heavy load they obliged him to march upwards of three leagues. A tithe of such treatment would have been sufficient to exasperate a man of Merino's stamp. No sooner, therefore, was he released, than borrowing a firelock from the Ventero of Quintanilla, he placed himself in ambush at the entrance of a wood, and, before nightfall, had already slain a French courier, and seized his horse.

"Merino had two brothers, and a sister of extraordinary beauty. All the members of his family suffered more or less from his cruel treatment. His aged mother, whom he more than once threatened to shoot, died broken-hearted. His elder brother, nicknamed, *El Majo*, a smuggler by profession, joined him in 1810, on the very day that he had a bloody affair with the French at Almanza. Merino, fearing lest his brother, for the extraordinary courage he had displayed, should be chosen leader of his band, caused him to be assassinated on the bridge, only two hours after he had warmly embraced him, and expressed how delighted he was to see him, after an absence of six years. His younger brother, also a smuggler by trade, continued to follow his brother's fortunes in the field for about three months; but having one day reproached Merino with his cruelty, the latter, assembling his band in the square at Lerma, made his unfortunate brother run the gauntlet, in consequence of which he expired a few days after. There now only remained his sister; she saved herself by flight; and well was it for her that she did so, as sooner or later she would have fallen a victim to his ferocious cruelty.

"These facts will enable you to form some idea of the wretch who is now exercising so marked an influence upon the political destinies of Spain.

"Merino is fifty-eight years of age, short, and slender, but gifted with a stentorian power of voice. His features are broadly marked; large and deeply sunk eyes, with temples so hollow that he is frequently compared in consequence to an old horse. His face is meagre, but his aspect bold and resolute; and, however fragile he may appear to the eye, he possesses, nevertheless, an iron constitution of frame. Never did man support bitter and longer privation and

fatigue, than he. Unlike the generality of his countrymen, he never smokes, drinks no wine, eats but moderately, and in the course of twenty-four hours he seldom takes more than fifteen minutes' sleep; and that, when in campaign, on horseback. But none of those under his command have ever seen Merino pass a night with them. At the decline of day he halts his band, chooses the place of encampment, and then, accompanied by a single domestic, will strike into a neighbouring forest, three or four leagues off, and re-appear at the morning dawn. When in the field, the garb and aspect of Merino is as wild and savage as the darkest emperoration of Murillo or Salvator's pencil. But even more terrible is the disposition of the inward man—a soul of fire; a heart of flint; a breast, so fierce and unrelenting, that before its stern decrees

“ ‘ Hope withering flies, and mercy sighs farewell !’

“ I am almost afraid to trace the history of his enormities. Suffice it to say, that, during the war of independence, and subsequently in that which he waged against the Constitution, more than forty-eight alcades were shot in his presence, and by his orders. Never has he been known to give quarter to his prisoners. All the officers who fell into his hands, were first tortured with the most refined cruelty that human ingenuity could invent, and then shot. In 1810 he burnt alive eighty-six prisoners, in spite of the urgent entreaties of the priesthood and nobility of Villahoz, who wished to save them.

“ On the termination of the war of independence, Merino was appointed governor of Burgos, which he lost only a few months after, owing to the gross immorality of his conduct. At a subsequent period, he was appointed prebendary of the cathedral of Valencia; but his wild and extraordinary figure highly displeased his brethren, who testified in the world loudly their indignation at being associated with so ferocious a character. This came to the ears of Merino, who, presenting himself one day in the sacristy when they were assembled on business, he loaded them with invectives, and, drawing forth a pistol from his bosom, he pointed it at the terrified canons, and actually obliged them to pass before him, who esteemed themselves but too happy to come off so cheaply, and to be *quittes pour la peur*.

“ Ferdinand VII, on being informed of this outrage, dispensed this intractable canon from the duties of his sacred office; although his salary was still continued to him. Merino then returned to his own province, and fixed his residence at Tordueles, a small village near Villoriado; there he passed his time in the chase, and in superintending the building of an elegant house, which he still possesses.

“ In 1820 the Constitutional system was proclaimed. During the first year of the Constitution, Merino remained quietly at home; and since the war of independence, such was his horror of the monks and friars, that, if he had reigned for only forty-eight hours, I am certain that his first decree would have been to order the massacre of them all. I will tell you the reason that he is so opposed to the Constitution:—

“ The prefect of ——— received a letter, informing him of Merino's intention to raise the standard of revolt against the Constitution.

Upon this vague charge, the prefect, without assigning any reason, immediately ordered Merino to appear before him. Merino on his arrival was very uncereemoniously received; for, without explaining to him why and wherefore he had been called to appear, he was threatened with a dungeon, and even a gibbet, if he dared revolt against the authority of the Cortes. What a superficial knowledge did this conduct betray of Merino's character!—Deeply wounded in his pride, and terrible in his cold-blooded revenge, he only answered his interrogator by one of those freezing looks, which in him conveys so much meaning. From that moment he vowed revenge against the government of the Cortes—from that moment may be dated all the injury he has done the constitutional cause, and which he is still doing in Old Castile, of which he is the king, the god burning with indignation. Merino quitted the prefecture, and, returning to his hotel, mounted his horse, and galloping to Cogollos, about a league off, he raised his well-known war-cry, of 'To arms!' Before night, he was already on the road to Lerma, at the head of 400 peasants, who, at his voice, had quitted their habitations, their fields, their ploughs, their wives and children—all, in fact, to follow a being whose apparition produced on them a species of fascination. The next day, his force amounted to 1,400 men, armed with knives, scythes, and arquebuses; and, with this undisciplined but devoted band, he captured thirty soldiers of the regiment of Seville, who were immediately shot at Fontesso.

"By the different accounts from Spain, it appears that the Cura has been often defeated. But what has been gained by this?—Nothing. He may be beaten again and again; but what will be the result?—Nothing, we repeat; absolutely nothing. His bands spring up, hydra-like, on every side; while, like him of old, he appears to be gifted with the power of changing stones into men. The immortal Empecinado, Espinosa, Valdes, Amor, Oberon, have all been sent in pursuit of him, have beaten, destroyed, pulverised his soldiers—but all in vain; the next day Merino re-appears at the head of a larger force and is more formidable than ever.

"The space of forty leagues, which separates Burgos from Madrid, is for him a region of safety. He will proceed from town to town, from village to village, with only three or four followers, without the slightest apprehension for his personal safety, otherwise than from the troops sent in pursuit of him.

"Merino's favourite system *de guerre* is to ravage every thing with fire and sword that belongs to the government against which he is in arms. When the fancy takes him, he no more spares the couriers of foreign cabinets than those of his own government. But should any of his followers plunder the house of any one not actually in arms, whatever may be his political opinions, they are sure to expiate their crime with their lives. None are all evil; even Merino's character is redeemed by some noble traits. Robbery and plunder are strictly forbidden in his bands, while he himself is perhaps at once the least selfish and most unambitious man in the world. During the wars of independence at Quentanapilla, he became the master of an immense treasure belonging to the French, for he had captured a convoy the

bearer of several millions. The whole of this immense treasure was distributed by this singular being among his guerillas, who were fairly gorged with gold, while for his share he only reserved a few dozen pairs of silk stockings.

“Merino's personal courage has by many been called in question; yet if a reckless exposure in the hour of danger be any proof of courage, Merino certainly possesses this quality in an eminent degree. In 1808, at the head of his soldiers, he carried by assault the town of Roa. In the actions of the *Venta del Angel*, in that of Pampliega, where he captured the whole French garrison, his fearless intrepidity elicited even the admiration of his enemies. His *sang froid*, too, is on a level with his bravery. Wishing to penetrate the designs of his enemies, he introduced himself several times into Burgos disguised as a peasant, and leading an ass laden with red paper. On these occasions he gained information by which he subsequently profited. In 1823, accompanied by only four followers, Merino arrived at Ontarea. It was about half-past eight at night, and taking up his quarters in the only house in this granja, he sat down to supper, while his followers chatted with the people of the house. He had not been there more than an hour before the place was surrounded by sixty soldiers and thirty national guards. The situation of the house greatly favoured his enemies. On its south side there was a wall thirty feet high; on the west no outlet; on the east the door guarded by a strong detachment, and on the north, at the distance of sixty paces, a narrow bridge, upon which were posted two sentinels:—it was only this last point that offered any chance of escape. Accordingly, rising from table, he ordered the horses to be saddled, and spurring toward the door, traverses a shower of balls, and arrives by a miracle at the foot of the bridge. Here his horse fell; but recovering him in an instant, he dashes forward, and receives the fire of the two sentinels—kills one and wounds the other, and reaches in safety the other extremity of the bridge, where he turned round, and vented a volley of bitter imprecations on the heads of his enemies.

“These anecdotes are sufficient to prove his personal bravery; in fact, this quality is as broadly developed in him as the barbarism of his manners and the ferocity of his character. Still, it must be confessed that his good fortune is extraordinary; for if not impossible to capture him, it appears to be almost next to it. He is always accompanied by two of the finest and best trained horses in Castile; however rapid his pace, these two animals are trained to gallop side by side. When Merino perceives that the one on which he is mounted is fatigued, without diminishing his speed he vaults upon the other. It was thus that he escaped after his defeat at Paleuzuela, by General Amor, in 1823.

“The question that will now naturally suggest itself is, what is the real object of Merino's opposition to the Queen's government, and what are his views?—a question at this moment of some interest.

“We have seen that at the period of the war of independence, Merino took up arms to avenge the outrages that had been heaped upon him. In 1821, he again took the field for a similar motive. But in

the present instance, it will be urged, as there exists no similar provocation, it can only be therefore for the interest of religion, of the priests, or of Don Carlos, that Merino has raised the standard of revolt. Such are the most general conclusions; but they are absurd, and betray the grossest ignorance of the man. Religion he has none. In action his cry is never 'God and the church!' but 'to arms!' After victory, never does he think of returning thanks to Heaven for the advantage he has obtained. Religion has, therefore, no part in his conduct, and the cause of the priests still less, for he cordially abhors the whole race. In 1822, Merino was attacked by a fever, and took refuge in the convent of Santa Clara. In this quiet retreat he passed nearly a year; and it proved for him the best asylum against the active pursuit of which he was then the object. During the day he assumed the habit of a nun, in order to walk with the sisterhood in the garden; and at night he slept in the church in a small recess behind the statue of Santa Clara. Yet so much care and attention he repaid by a series of gross insults and the blackest ingratitude. On one occasion, in the refectory, the lady abbess having called him to order, he actually seized a plate and broke it over her head. Since, then, neither religion or its apostles have roused Merino to action, it must be urged as the cause of Don Carlos. If ever this prince ascends the throne of his brother, there can be no doubt that Merino will have been powerfully instrumental to it; but, nevertheless, it is not for Don Carlos that this extraordinary man has taken up arms, for he has already shewn that he has no sympathy for him. In 1827, when the whole of Catalonia declared for that prince, and invited several times Merino to declare for the same cause, his answer to the whole was as follows:—'I am residing quietly at home, perfectly indifferent by whom the throne is filled, provided I am left quiet. Be gone, and beware how you again appear before me!' What, then, are Merino's real objects? If we attentively examine his whole life, and seek the secret of his atrocities, we shall find that he has made a cause of his own, and that it is to this cause that he has devoted his arm. He well knows that he has committed too many crimes for any government to allow him to escape with impunity; it is, therefore, this instinct of self-preservation that governs and directs every act of his life. If a republican government were established in Spain to-morrow, and promised Merino a complete oblivion of the past, and were able to inspire him with confidence in their promises, Merino would lay down his arms—nay, even lend to the reformers of monkish absolutism his powerful co-operation. Merino is no party man; he is only terrible to those whom he fears, or those who have injured him. Who these are we shall presently shew. But that he is not hostile to those who remain neutral, whatever may be their political opinions, the following anecdote will show. Merino's sister, whom we have mentioned fled from his persecution and cruelty, married a farmer at Villadoz. In the year 1823, when the army of the Duke d'Angouleme was master of Spain, the husband of Merino's sister, Antonio Santuyo, accompanied by Don Santiago Beltran, the only two royalists of Villahoz, assassinated

the Alcade de Mateo Calvarez, a violent Constitutionalist, and personal enemy of Merino's. The royal court of Valladolid, having taken cognizance of this murder, despatched a troop of lancers and a commissary, arrested the assassins, and conveyed them to the prison of that city, at the request of the unfortunate widow of the deceased. At this period, Merino was at Madrid, high in favour with the royal Ferdinand. His sister repaired immediately to the capital, to intreat him to use his influence to save her husband. 'The alcade,' she added, 'was your enemy, and it was to avenge you that my husband killed him.' Merino replied to his sister's request by a look of withering contempt, and was on the point of driving her from his presence, when, suddenly, his manner altered, and he made her sit down, while he penned and folded a letter, which he handed to her, saying, 'Return immediately to Valladolid, and deliver this letter yourself.' It was for Don Ignacio Romero, judge of the Sala del Cremin. His sister obeyed, and returned immediately to Valladolid, not doubting but that she was the bearer of an order for her husband's release. The letter was delivered, and the judge on breaking the seal read as follows:—

" 'Sir,—This letter will be delivered to you by my sister. I charge you to find her a second husband, and to hang the first, as a punishment for the assassination of the Alcade of Villahoz. It was not for him to constitute himself the judge of men's opinions.'

"The royal court, however, did not fulfil the wishes of Merino to their full extent—the delinquents were *only* condemned to the galleys for ten years.—And now one more anecdote to paint the extraordinary influence of Merino over the Castilians.

"The judge of the town of Corrio, Don Pedro Martinez de Velasco, a true Constitutionalist, came to Villahoz to see his family a few days after the murder of the alcade. The town was at the time full of royalists, who had assembled in order to revenge the arrest of Merino's brother-in-law. They had already commenced operations by committing to prison all the rich liberals in the place; and having heard that Martinez de Velasco had returned home, they proceeded to his residence with the intention of arresting him. On their arrival the patriot produced his passport; it was written in Merino's own hand, and signified that the bearer, Don Pedro Martinez de Velasco, might traverse without fear the Two Castiles. The commandant of the board had no sooner read at the top of the passport,—“In the name of Geronimo Merino,” than the crowd uncovered themselves, and listening in profound silence, retired immediately. The officer kissed the passport before returning it, and placed a guard of honour before the house of him he came to arrest.”

And now we shall attempt to develop the real cause of the present insurrection of this extraordinary man—for numerous are the projects and ideas imputed to him by the daily press, which have never for a moment had a place in his imagination. Of this we are convinced, and should the priests and the Carlists derive any advantages from the super-human influence of the man, they will owe him no gratitude—it is not for them that he sacrifices his repose. The men

whom Merino looks upon as his real enemies are the Josephines or French party. Never will he suffer them to come into power—he hates them with all the concentrated malignity of a demon.

When, in 1828, he was sent for by the government to Madrid, he soon perceived the influence which Mignano, Hermosilla, Burgos, and several other Josephines possessed at court. He saw, also, that the only journal that was published at Madrid, was under the exclusive direction of Carnero; this exasperated him to the last degree. "How," he exclaimed in a fury, "are we still governed by the men who have so persecuted me. Never will I submit to these associates of the usurper—they have more than once sought my head, and now I will embrue my hands in the blood that shall flow from theirs."

Has this period then arrived for Merino? Are these the motives which have driven him to arms? There is, after all, nothing so improvable in the supposition when it is recollected that, in 1823, at the entry of the Duke d'Angouleme into Spain, Merino refused to acknowledge the Regency of Urgel, and that he loudly deprecated the intervention of France in favour of Ferdinand; and reduced to the alternative either of opposing the army of the duke, or making his submission to the Regency, he preferred to remain neuter, to abandon the Two Castiles, and to pass into Estramadura, where he remained in a state of inaction; in fact, no sooner had the French crossed the Pyrenees than he ceased all hostility against the liberal party.

Various have been the means devised by the Spanish government to get rid of Merino, but in vain. They once hired a band of assassins to dispatch him, but he discovered the plot. When brought before him, and expecting instant death; he sternly bade them begone and tell their employers how nearly they had become his victims.—Such is Merino!

SONNET: TO THE WEED.

INVITING herb, whose fragrant influence sheds
 A soothing balm o'er many a restless hour,
 Whether thy perfumed breath upcurling spreads
 Over unquiet brains with magic power,
 Omnipotent o'er trouble which consumes;
 Or thou dost cheer the student's lonely nights,
 And heaven to him revealest through thy fumes;—
 Or with mild grace thy envied presence lights
 A ray of joy and hope in humbler homes,
 Strewing life's flinty path with soft delights;
 Accept the tribute which thy votary pays,
 A tribute all unequal to thy claim;
 Thou art the phoenix of our modern days—
 Expiring, thou dost triumph most in flame.

A CITIZEN'S CAMPAIGN.

ON the 3d of August, of the memorable 1830, Monsieur B—— received a commission, or rather authorization, to act, from the Provisional Government in Paris, bearing the signature of the venerable and lamented Lafayette, with instructions to use every effort to raise and arm the country and villages around Rambouillet, where the royal troops had taken a position, and still threatened the capital. He left Paris in the forenoon, by the *Barrière d'Enfer*, accompanied by a young friend and a veteran sergeant of the Imperial Guard, who had served fifteen campaigns under Napoleon, including those of Russia and Egypt, and had followed him to Elba, where he received from the emperor's own hand the cross of the Legion of Honour ; and still the old man appeared as vigorous as ever. Each of them carried a heavy musket and bayonet, every pocket was crammed with ball cartridges, while a large bundle of proclamations, made fast to the shoulders and hanging behind like a knapsack, completed their equipment.

M. B—— had a small country-house and some land at the village of Aunay, not far from Rambouillet, and about twelve leagues from Paris ; to this spot our little party directed their steps. The mass of the Parisians left Paris by the *Barrière de Neuilly*, pursuing the course of the Seine ; and M. B—— calculated upon joining them the next morning by a cross country road, after visiting Aunay ; where, being best known, he would possess most influence with the country people.

After marching six leagues, M. B—— began to betray symptoms of weariness ; but Huguenin (the sergeant) would not hear of their stopping until three more leagues had been accomplished. He did not know what fatigue meant ; and, taking M. B——'s musket, the fine old man threw it over his left shoulder by the side of his own, gave him his right arm, mainly supporting him during another league they traversed in this manner ; but when seven leagues from Paris, M. B—— and his young friend could go no further, and about eight o'clock they halted, completely worn out by the fatigue of their march and the heat of the weather.

A barn standing a few paces on the left side of the road served for their lodging, and M. B—— and his friend were but too happy to stretch themselves upon some litter, and rest their weary frames. Huguenin volunteered to be sentinel first, and took up his position in front of the "grange," directly opposite to which, on the right side of the road, a rather narrow lane led up a gentle slope in the direction of St. Arnoued.

The night was calm and fine, though somewhat cloudy, and all remained very quiet until nearly midnight. The sergeant was still on guard : he was puffing away at a short pipe, and lounging against the corner of the barn—the others were wrapt in sleep—when the trampling of horse broke upon the ear of the sentinel. He listened

again; his practised ear could not mistake; and, hastily awakening his companions, it was not long ere they perceived through the gloom the leading files of a party of horse, enveloped in the *manteaux blancs** of the redoubted "*garde du corps*," coming slowly down the lane immediately opposite to their post. When the foremost troopers were within fifty yards, Huguenin boldly challenged with the usual "*Qui vive*," then promptly advancing one step, the clicking of the lock of his musket was distinctly audible upon the still night air, as he threw it forward ready for instant action, and again hailed them.

"*Halte-là, ou je tire.*" The approaching party instantly halted, one amongst them answering—

"*Des amis—Qui êtes-vous ?*"

"*Sentinelle de l'avant garde de l'armée nationale ; que l'officier en commandement s'avance seul, parler au capitaine.*"

This order, after a minute or two's deliberation, was obeyed; an officer covered with a large cloak dismounting, advanced alone to the barn where M. B—— stood ready to receive him.

"*Qui êtes-vous ?*" demanded M. B——

"*Nous sommes des officiers qui vont à Paris.*"

"*D'où venez-vous ?*"

"*Nous venons de quitter l'armée royale.*"

"*Combien vous y en a-t-il ?*"

"*Cinq.*"

"*Rendez vos armes et vos chevaux—vous êtes tous prisonniers.*"

During this short dialogue the moon shone forth with brilliancy, and M. B—— now observed with some surprise that his adversary was very considerably advanced in years, as a few locks of white hair escaping from beneath his *chapeau militaire* sufficiently proved. This colloquy contained nothing very re-assuring to the aged officer, and an air of consternation was visibly depicted on his countenance; for a few seconds he was evidently much embarrassed, when raising his hand rather suddenly to his head, his cloak was for an instant thrown open, enabling M. B—— to catch a glimpse of a most splendid uniform and several stars and orders, convincing him that the stranger was of very high rank in the army. After a little further conversation with M. B——, whose calm, temperate, yet energetic manner and remarks, inspired him with confidence; and having looked at the commission signed by Lafayette, which M. B—— hastened to exhibit, he decided upon surrendering himself and escort; the belief that a considerably body of the armed Parisians was not far distant no doubt materially assisting him to that conclusion. Slowly unsheathing his sword, he turned towards M. B——, and presenting it to him, said with dignity—

"*Monsieur, je me fie à votre honneur ; le général Bordesoulet† vous rend son épée.*"

* The cloaks of the troopers of the royal guard were made of white woollen cloth.

† Bordesoule, general of division under Napoleon, held with honour several very important commands during his reign. At the Restoration, the Bourbons continued to employ him; and when Spain was occupied by their armies, General Bordesoule held no mean rank in them.

Respectfully bowing to this distinguished officer, M. B—— declined receiving the offered weapon, desiring him to keep it, and believe on the word of a man of honour, that he should be treated with all the respect and attention due to his rank and situation, assuring him that the good faith which should be kept with him would leave no cause to regret his having acted as he had done.

The General then ordered his party, consisting of two *aides-de-camp* in brilliant uniforms and two troopers of the guard, to approach, dismount, and surrender their arms, which was accordingly done; and our adventurers now learned that the general had straggled from a body of the royal horse the preceding evening, and after marching several hours with the hope of rejoining their friends, found they had taken a contrary direction, and had in fact completely lost their way. When day broke they were in the midst of a hostile and insurgent population; throughout the entire day they had wandered from place to place, sometimes directed aright by the few persons they encountered, but oftener misled by the unfriendly peasantry. Without money—for both general and officers had expended their last *centime* in their march from Paris—harassed, fatigued to death, and fainting for want of sustenance, the easiness of their surrender is little to be wondered at; though, when somewhat refreshed by sleep and the few eatables our party possessed, they certainly felt and expressed some mortification to find how mean a force had captured them: fortunately they did not learn this fact till daybreak; and though they might even then, perhaps, have succeeded in disarming their captors and setting themselves at liberty, the intelligence of the total flight of the royal army, which they received at a very early hour from a farmer, convinced them at once of its inutility; besides, the interest excited by the general's situation and rank on the one side, and the frankness, attention, and temperate behaviour of M. B—— on the other, soon led to a sort of intimacy and good understanding between them, that the general would not have willingly interrupted by violence.

About seven o'clock M. B—— set off with his five prisoners to return to Paris; previous to starting, the general insisted upon M. B——'s mounting his own beautiful and richly caparisoned horse, taking for himself that of one of the troopers, our youngest adventurer mounting the other, Huguenin and the two dismounted troopers following on foot, as no consideration would have induced the veteran to lay aside the prejudices of an old grenadier and ride on horseback, a feat he declared he had not attempted for twenty-five years.

After an hour's marching the little cortège stopped at a village to breakfast, the *aides-de-camp* and troopers eating ravenously; for this meal they were indebted to the kindness of M. B——, for, as I before observed, they had not a *sous*, and M. B—— was paymaster for all; here also the general insisted upon purchasing a peasant's *blouze* and a common hat, both of which he instantly put on, eagerly relinquishing his own splendid dress, and concealing all his decorations most carefully; besides this precaution, M. B—— and his companions gave up their tri-coloured cockades to their prisoners,

which they quickly mounted, and that, too, on the most prominent part of their hats.

On the road, General Bordesoule's conversation continually betrayed his fears; and, at length, he anxiously demanded of M. B—— if he could answer for his life in conducting him to Paris, where, should he be recognized, he felt assured he should be massacred. Nor is this excessive fear at all surprising when we bring to mind the horrors of the French revolution; of which the general had, doubtless, the liveliest recollection, and consider that he could then know nothing of the conduct of the people after this of July.

M. B—— endeavoured by every means to re-assure him, painting the heroism and clemency of the Parisians in the most glowing terms, and finished by declaring he would be responsible with his own life for any danger the general might incur.

A further march of five hours brought them to the *Barrière d'Enfer*, where they were stopped and eagerly questioned by the patriots, who held the post, as to what had taken place in the country. M. B—— was soon recognized and received with the loudest acclamations; and, as they desired to know who the five persons were whom he escorted, he informed them, "that they were brave soldiers who had quitted the army of *Charles Dix* to join the camp of the people." Tremendous shouts of "*Vive la liberté!*" "*Vive la charte!*" followed this judicious announcement, proving how well it had been received; nor did Bordesoule and his companions fail to re-echo the patriotic cries.

On entering the city, the general looked very pale and anxious, for every street was unpaved and partially barricaded, and every citizen was under arms; he observed to M. B—— that he still doubted whether he was not being conducted to a scaffold. M. B—— used every effort to allay his fears, and proceeded direct to the *Hotel de Ville*, where the Provisional Government was then sitting. A receipt was given him for the persons of the general, his party, and their five horses; and thus terminated M. B——'s celebrated campaign, by the capture of five armed horsemen, the leader a man of high rank, by three tired adventurers.

In the course of the month of August the aides-de-camp invited M. B—— and his two companions to a very handsome dinner, and one of them has since greatly distinguished himself at Algiers. From General Bordesoule, M. B—— has never since the 3rd of August received any communication; but it may be added, that he is now a peer of France, and that the people, whom he would have destroyed with lead and steel, to whom he was subsequently so humble, and of whom he was so fearful, he now governs, *judges*, and makes laws for!

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

NUTS FOR THE SENTIMENTALISTS.—One of the most prevailing cants of the day is the notion that the progress of correct knowledge has almost completely effected the ruin of feeling and enthusiasm, so utterly subversive of all that is poetic. Let any one take even a very cursory retrospect of the last month, and then say whether the dog-days are favourable for the development of the milk of human kindness. On the first day of the late festival at Westminster Abbey, no sooner did the sons of harmony in the orchestra make note of dreadful preparation for the performance of certain harmonious polyglots, than (as a morning journal tells us) the more *sensible* portion of the audience swooned, fainted, and wept. Such was the effect of the concussion between horse-hair and catgut, that the nerves of the dillitanti, by some mysterious sympathy we don't pretend to comprehend, responded in truly edifying unison, and a general defluxion of tears forthwith ensued; our defunct friends in the Poet's Corner were all but rising. On the same occasion the prima-donna of the Opera House, Mademoiselle Grisi, was "so overcome by her feelings" that she could scarcely execute a note; as if "scared at the sounds herself had made," and fled from amongst her sister vocalists the moment the music she had ineffectually attempted to accompany ceased. While his Majesty was delivering the church and state oration (upon which we commented last month), his ghostly auditors say the royal speaker was "visibly affected." The resignation scene in the House of Lords was accompanied by a similar effusion of the sentimental; the feelings of Earl Grey so wrought upon the noble Speaker, as to render him totally incapable of saying any thing, and it was only by repeated cheers that he at last found words. As for the affair of her Majesty's embarkation for Germany the other day, it was, in all conscience, enough to melt the hearts of half the civic dignitaries, from St. Paul's to the Minories. What with wading through the mud of the Tower Hamlets, and the effects of a July sun, to say nothing of their intensely calorific loyalty, the livers of sundry turtle-eaters must have been in a state of incipient liquifaction. So deeply impressed was the queen by a compassionate consideration of their manifold and chivalric sufferings, that she rained a perfect torrent of grief. Now, in the name of Lord Eldon, and all that is lachrymose, who will contend, in the face of these facts, that we are a race of stern utilitarians, or that all that's romantic in nature has evaporated? Let things but go on at this rate, and the most sceptical as to the justness of our claims to the "most thinking people," will have little hesitation in awarding us the title of the "most lackadasical," beyond all dispute.

THE ADMIRATION AND ENVY OF SURROUNDING NATIONS.—The *Exeter Flying Post* gives an account of an unfortunate circumstance that occurred lately in Devonshire. A young man and his paramour

found the path of life so thickly strewed with briars, that the occasional roses they met with afforded a very inadequate balm for the wounds occasioned by the former. Resolving to rid themselves of an existence they could not enjoy, they shook off their "mortal coil" by swallowing a pint of laudanum. An inquest, of course, sat upon the bodies; and one of those Solons, of which England is so plethoric, ycleped coroners, directed a verdict of self-murder to be returned. The poverty of the deceased was manifest. The unfortunate beings, who had sought a refuge from misery in death, were of no consequence either in themselves, or through relatives, however distantly allied; therefore, was the religious ire of the "twelve good men and true" aroused. Examples must be made to the whole county of Devonshire—and who so fit as paupers? And then ensued the interesting and highly edifying ceremony of terrifying the male and female old women and little children of the surrounding villages by a burial at midnight. Lanterns, processions, the ding-donging of muffled bells, and all the other rawhead-and-bloodybones absurdities, customary at these detestable exhibitions, were put in requisition. The poor half-bewildered peasantry looked on amazed, during what the *Exeter Flying Post* calls an imposing ceremony. Imposing it certainly was; and if the impostors who got up the affair were pitched into the pit they had dug, and left there till morning, it might have cured them of their love of the marvellous. Can any thing more monstrous be conceived than the breaking in upon the quiet habits of a rural population, by the intrusion of those barbarous remains of superstition and brutality? As for the effect such sights are likely to produce, we apprehend, that it would puzzle the heads of wiser men than Devonshire coroners to define all the good they ever knew result from them. An unhappy clodpole, unable to escape the persecutions of tithe and tax, drowns himself in a ditch; and the coroner of the district and his satellites pronounce—*felo-de-se*. A neighbouring squire, in a drinking brawl, over a wine-table or a dice-box, blows his brains out; and the self same coroner, and the self same myrmidons, return a verdict of—temporary insanity;—the feelings of relations must be respected. The first decision consigns the poor peasant to a midnight interment, accompanied by all the usual would-be-horrors; while the wealthy man, by the latter decision, is pompously borne, amid his sleek and gloved attendants, with every honour to the family vault. We question if an instance could be adduced of a man of five hundred a year being pronounced a suicide; but no one need be at a loss for examples in a country where poverty is punishable as a crime. These are the arbitrations that contribute to make us the envy and admiration of surrounding nations.

BASHFUL REFULGENCE.—We never heard that Winchester was particularly conspicuous for giving the tone to provincials, in ball-room elegancies; but a circumstance connected with that town has lately occurred that must speedily raise it to deserved celebrity. At one of the recent race assemblies the floor of the apartment, appropriated to dancing, instead of being chalked, as is customary on such occasions, was covered with fine pink coloured cambric, tightly strained, bearing the arms of the steward, T. C. Chamberlayne, Esq.,

emblazoned in the centre. Was there ever so unassuming an artifice hit upon for concealing the donor? How can we sufficiently eulogize the retiring modesty of T. C. Chamberlayne, Esq.! Not a pirouetting miss, agile as a young fawn and slender as an Arabian javeline, could turn without encountering the shining T. C. Chamberlayne, Esq. on all sides. Not a bulky Winchester alderman, with a greater amplitude of broadcloth than breath, could escort a panting widow up and down the ball-room without her blushes being out-crimsoned by the tightly-strained pink cambric of T. C. Chamberlayne, Esq. How the ladies summoned resolution enough to reveal their ankles to the griffins and hobgoblins of T. C. Chamberlayne, Esq., betokens a hardihood worthy of the ancient heroines. We can hardly conceive any thing more picturesque than a room full of Celadons and Amelias galloping over T. C. Chamberlayne, Esq., to the music of half-a-dozen screaming fiddles. If there be such a thing as a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals in Winchester, we think they should look to this. Rampant lions and dancing mermaids, maimed and obliterated by the ruthless, sporting gentry of the Winchester ball-room, is evidently a matter of no small magnitude.

PROGRESS OF THE VERY GENTEEL.—Vulgarism is evidently below par at present, and has long been at a discount, from Greenwich to the White Horse Cellar, Piccadilly. It is no unusual thing now for a lady's maid to object to certain situations, because "Missus speaks such orrid gremmar." Even the police stations, so long proverbial for grossness, have caught the spirit of the times, and are now conspicuous for attempts at refinement. A few days since, a lady whose profession was indicated by green Adelaides, and a brevity of petticoats, was brought before a magistrate for obtruding, rather clamorously, upon two gentlemen in the neighbourhood of Bryanston Square. Her accuser was a policeman, who delivered a prosaic rigmarole, touching the lady's powers of loquacity, and certain other matters not exactly calculated to beget a favourable opinion in the minds of the auditors as to the vestal propriety of the fair defendant. The magistrates having heard one side of the case, requested to be favoured with the nymph's version of the story. She stated that the preserver of the peace had long been ambitious of taking wine in her company, which honour she had firmly declined, although he offered to doff his cerulean insignia of office, and attend her in the disguise of a gentleman. Now the reader may suppose that the wielder of the civic truncheon might reply to this accusation in the following fashion.—"I'm blow'd if that ere 'ent a bouncer; it's nought o' the kind:" or by saying, "S'elp me God, your vorship, it's a lie." No such thing. The dignitary respected himself far too highly to descend to any such common-place phraseology. He simply contented himself by meeting the assertion of the votary of the Paphian Venus by declaring, "upon his honour and sacred oath!" it was a fabrication. Who could resist placing the most implicit credence in so elegantly termed an asseveration?

MEMS. FOR JACKS OF ALL TRADES.—However serious may be

the inroads reform has made upon the legislative enactments of the age, we still retain the old English fashion of gorging those we are desirous of honouring with immoderate quantities of beef and oratory at public dinners, and such like occasions. Poor Mina was treated a few weeks ago with one of those gormandizing shows at the Freemason's; and to help his digestion of our puddings and porter, no sooner was the cloth removed than he was assailed by a torrent of eloquence, not one syllable of which could he comprehend. He, in his turn, deputed some one to read a speech of thanks from him, in a language, of all knowledge of which at least four-fifths of his auditory were totally guiltless. The other day, the friends of Admiral Napier gave one of those "feeds" at Portsmouth, in honour of the gallant sailor. In the course of his speech he declared his intention of starting for the representation of Portsmouth, in case of a vacancy for a candidate, either by the removal of either of the present members, or by a dissolution of parliament. Now, as this was said after dinner, we trust that a sober consideration of the affair will induce the admiral to form a more accurate estimate of his own abilities. Waterloo and Trafalgar pretty well gleaned Europe of superfluous heroes. People, in these dull times, are greatly prone to regard mice as elephants, and a much less personage than Admiral Napier would engross a pretty considerable share of public notice just now. We are by no means desirous of detracting from the well-earned reputation of the admiral; but it strikes us that an intimacy with double-headed shot and yard-arms is not the precise requisite for a successful career in St. Stephen's. Decidedly the greatest nuisance in the present parliament is the multitude of adventurers, who, upon the bare recommendation of being, from a variety of causes, dubbed with a military or nautical title, rush into the councils of the State, and pronounce upon the most intricate questions in legislation with as much flippancy as if the subjects were the manning of a boat, or the whipping of a dragoon. Though not one in a dozen of these redoubtable Paladins can give an intelligible reason, we invariably find the majority of them opposed to the removal of abuses, no matter where or how existing. No motion for retrenchment of any kind, for the removal of pensions and sinecures the most undeserved, or for the abolition of state vices however glaring, ever meets their approbation. Having nothing to lose, they are ever found on the side of the most powerful; for, together with such policy being in accordance with the arbitrary principles in which they are nurtured, it has the chances in its favour of, one time or other, being turned to their advantage. As to the notion of military men being essential in parliament in the discussion of foreign diplomacy and warfare, whatever shadow of argument it once had in its support, it does not possess a fraction of common sense now. Full five-sixths of the gloved and essenced warriors in the Commons are under forty, and, of course, can have seen no service beyond their own shore. Though scented enough to perfume a forest of brown bears, they never smelt powder but at a review, or in bogtrotting after jack-snipe and water-hens. An inspection of the pair of griffin-and-crocodile pieces of ordnance at the

back of the Horse Guards, constitute their knowledge of gunnery; and the manœuvring of forces they learn from Almack's and Hyde Park. But supposing them to be Wellingtons in their way, no men are more unfitted for law-makers, even on matters of fighting, for they are totally incapable of viewing a rupture between England and any of the Continental powers in any other light than a mere appeal to arms. In the present unstable state of public affairs there is no saying how soon the people may be called upon to exercise their right of voting. Whenever the time does come, we hope electors will be a little less precipitate than hitherto in bestowing their "most sweet voices" on "whiskered panders and fierce hussars."

MARCH OF NONSENSE.—No people in the world are more keenly alive to a sense of the ridiculous than the English, and yet we are for ever perpetrating most quizzical outrages on common sense. Lady Morgan, in her "France," furnishes us with many a disquisition upon the superior *politesse* of the lower orders in that country. She tells us it is no uncommon thing for a vender of cabbages, or a retailer of cauliflowers, to be found reading Molière or Racine; and that a Parisian fish woman will expatiate upon the goodness of her piscatory commodities, with witticisms from Voltaire, and sentimentalisms from Rousseau. But for a proper touch of the true bathos we may conscientiously defy competition. At the late musical festival, a gentleman named Harris, a chorus master, shouted with peculiar energy. The members of the choral orchestra called this great ability (genius we submit would be more appropriate), and forthwith conspired to make him a present, in some degree proportioned to his extraordinary desert. Now, what was this mark of homage to vocal superiority? Was it some gentle dulcimer, that the winds of heaven had but to sigh upon to produce such sounds as would take the "imprisoned senses and lap them in Elysium?" Was it an antique Cremona, potent, like the lyre of Orpheus, to "shake the strong-based promontory, and by the spurs pluck up the pine and cedar?" Or was it some fairy finger-organ, like the singing tree in the Arabian legend, vocal with a thousand throats, and replete with all the soft witchery of "dulcet and harmonious breath?" No; it was nothing of this. The Westminster choristers, with a taste so exquisitely refined, that we conceive it must have been intuitive, presented J. H. Harris, Esq. with a huge silver *quart tankard*. As if for the renovation of his thorax, after the expenditure of an infinity of breath, he receives a *quart mug*, from which to quaff his "heavy" beverage—a porter pot, by way of tribute to his abilities. If any of the innumerable patronisers of talent, with which this vast city abounds, should entertain the notion of dispensing a portion of their favours on the Prussian Polyphemus, who consumed a round of beef, two legs of mutton, a barrel of beer, and sundries to match, we beg respectfully to suggest that "a Treatise on Astronomy" would be a very befitting mark of approbation. •

THE PERFECTION OF REASON.—Another of those monstrous

anomalies in law which so often render the administration of justice in our legal courts a very lugubrious affair, has just occurred. Mr. Gee, whose extraordinary abduction and subsequent ill-treatment made such an uproar in the papers lately, sought reparation against his cagers by a criminal prosecution. He failed, though the guilt of the defendants was as palpable as a metropolitan fog. Mr. Gee was compelled to sign a paper, which (the merest casualty prevented it being converted into money) went to deprive him of 800*l*. This the judges held, and no doubt it was good law, to be no robbery, inasmuch as Mr. Gee had not the money in his possession, and therefore could not be deprived of what he did not possess. All objections to this decision on the part of Mr. Gee's counsel were overruled by the Bench. The indictment then went on to state that threats were used, *with a view* to extort legal securities from Mr. Gee, to the amount upwards of a thousand pounds; but here again the genius of technicality stepped in, and set aside the matter of fact, as it appeared that the plunderers actually *did* procure possession of the securities in question. Many other circumstances, equally at variance with common sense, added to the solemnity of this farce, and demonstrated, beyond all question, that law and justice are any thing but synonymous. And yet there are not wanting those who say that English legislation is the perfection of reason. How to account for it is not our duty, but it is certainly very singular that we never hear of convictions for *political* offences failing through informalities of indictments.

LOOK AT HOME!—An edict has lately been passed in one of the minor German states, making it a capital felony to cause the destruction of a nightingale. This promulgation of the Fatherlanders would make every peasant in Sussex or Devonshire grin with contempt upon the boors that could submit to receive such a mandate with equanimity. But did it never strike our self-complaisant countrymen, who chaunt "Britons never shall be slaves," and starve at the plough tail for sixpence a day, that, if there be an injustice in sentencing men to death for killing a bird, the sweetness of whose song beguiles the poor man's lassitude, that there is something worse in the laws that consign an individual to banishment for knocking a hare on the head. The English gentry and nobility incessantly exalt themselves and their virtues by deploring the rudeness and uncouth barbarism of the peasantry, without ever taking into consideration how far instrumental their own acts have been in producing the antithesis of civilization. "What remains," says Dr. Knox, in his *Moral Essays*, "among us of savageness and brutality is chiefly preserved by the mean and selfish greediness of those who possess a thousand peculiar advantages, and who yet meanly contend for an exclusive right to destroy the game, that usufructuary property of which the Creator intended to be possessed by the first occupant, like the air, light, and water." But as if those iniquitous enactments were insufficient to monopolize all enjoyment for the wealthy, at the sacrifice of the poor in this respect, the same system is pursued in every other, from the Sabbath bills of the Agnews and Poulterns, and

anti-theatrical fulminations of the Bishop of London, to the white mice and monkey crusades of the new police. The latter species of persecution has lately been carried to an amazing extent, and in this respect the appetite would seem to grow upon what it feeds. Not an organ or a hurdy-gurdy squeaks an inharmonious note, from Rotherhithe to Kew, but the blue-coated critics of Bow Street pounce upon the unhappy malefactors. The poor artisans of the metropolis laugh at the antics of the tawny children of the sunny south, the unwieldy gambols of their bears, and the drolleries of ancient monkeys clad in spangles and tattered tinsel; this is a crime heinous in the eyes of the executive, and the police reports shew how magistrates deal with the perpetrators of such enormities. In England *humanity* is the main spring of every act. Humanity prompts the bigot to consign the disbelievers of his doctrine to the potentate of darkness; humanity prompts the landed gentry to tax the food of a whole population; and humanity prompts the magistrates to incarcerate Italian melody-grinders and French dancing-dog proprietors lest they should become a prey to the rapacity of their masters. Bargains between individuals of every grade may be very safely left to the management of the parties immediately interested. The interference of self-constituted umpires is seldom attended with good to payers or paid, and is invariably prolific of inconvenience to the public.

TAKING IT COOL.—Accounts from South America, received a few days since in London, detail the particulars of an earthquake, by which an extensive city, somewhere in the neighbourhood of the Andes, but the name of which we are unable to recollect, was destroyed. Among the strange circumstances to which such occurrences naturally give rise, there is one related, which, though we have a pretty considerable capacity for the marvellous, rather impairs the equilibrium of our credulity. It appears that the first shock, in this case the most violent, is reported to have continued *nearly three quarters of a minute!* Fancy a gentleman with a stop-watch in his hand, his optics on the dial-plate of his duplex chronometer, his ears distended to catch the minutest reverberation of the subterranean rumblings, his body bent forwards towards the earth, and the whole machinery of his nerves, muscles, and tendons wound up to the highest pitch; fancy, we repeat, a gentleman in this position while walls, and battlements, and chimney-tops, brickbats, church-steeple, and stucco-work unpronounceable were tumbling around with maddening fury, and braying horrible discord, as if the last trumpet had announced the crack of doom;—and say, can we sufficiently admire the coolness which enabled him to note with algebraical minuteness that the refreshing shower bath of masonry and mortar lasted thirty-nine seconds, minus some thirds! We know of but one instance of self-possession at all comparable to this. A man was employed in the New Town of Edinburgh in repairing the top of one of the houses, which, as all the world knows, are an incalculable number of stories high, in the modern Athens. From some casualty or other he lost his balance, and, of course, sped downwards from the giddy

height, through the mid air, with appalling rapidity. Not at all disconcerted by the celerity of his descent, he pursued the "even tenor of his way" until he arrived at the ninth window from the ground, where he observed an acquaintance, to whom he remarked, *en passant*,—"Law! Saundy, sic a fa' as I shall ha!"

WOLVES IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING.—In addition to the claims of Lord Melbourne to the favour of the public which we have enumerated in our first article, another has since come to our knowledge, which all friends of that excellent nobleman must be happy to learn. Every one must remember the vindictive fervour with which the prosecutors of Mr. Cohen, editor of the *Brighton Guardian*, pursued that gentleman for the publication of a paragraph respecting incendiarism, which the subtleties of the law converted into a libel. The worthies concerned in that precious affair met a few days since to pass a vote of thanks to one Mabbott, who was particularly busy in raking up the odds and ends of power and chicanery to procure a conviction. A fact transpired at the meeting which requires but to be known to cover all who took part in so infamous a proceeding with the contempt of every thinking person in the kingdom. The government and magistracy of Sussex conspired to ruin Mr. Cohen—the county dispensers of justice hunted their victim down, and the creatures at the Home Office paid the expenses of the chase. Did this odious fact rest upon any authority less certain than that of the principal performers in the enterprise, we know not how we should credit it. It was not enough that the Sussex Shallows combined to crush an individual guilty of the atrocity of not regarding them as demi-gods, but Lord Melbourne should tender them the resources of the Treasury to stimulate their charitable indignation, and keep their benignant ire from flagging through a regard of costs in the event of a failure. The great unpaid could not entertain the notion of seeking redress for their supposed wrongs without being sustained by the pecuniary liberality of a ministry whose quondam watchword to catch the acclamations of a confiding public was "an unshackled press." Lord Althorp's indignation knew no bounds when it was proposed to curtail the unearned pensions of backstair scycophants and accommodating court dames. While these gentry are to be paid and editors to be prosecuted, need we ask why the taxes of the country are maintained at the same rate as if the world were in arms against us. Every thing that Lord Melbourne has done, or attempted to do since he first entered office, has been characterised by the antithesis of wisdom, or in common parlance by downright folly. If the government thought fit to prosecute Mr. Cohen, why not instruct the Attorney-general to proceed in the regular fashion, without dragging him through the tortuous process the Sussex magistracy were pleased to pursue? The feelings of the public were but too manifestly hostile to the unjustifiable and malignant spirit apparent in the persecution of the press. The government had but little popularity to part with in the affair of the *Brighton Guardian*, and thought fit to bring about a conviction through the under-hand and despicable means of secretly coalescing with the enemies of that journal to ruin

its conductor. A case so flagrantly subversive of all the previously expressed opinions of the members of the Grey cabinet has not yet come to light. Lord Melbourne through his station at the Home Office must, of course, have been at the head of this dignified crusade. Doubtless it will be remembered, should he take the opinion of the country in a general election, that not only did he outrage the feelings of the people by the suppression of the publication of opinion, but that he perfected that outrage through the instrumentality of the public money.

IMPORTANT TO COCKNIES.—It has been intimated to us from various quarters that the elevation of the statue of his late Royal Highness of York at Carlton Terrace has been unattended by any of those critical effusions with which the metropolitan public were half Grecianized in the time of George the Fourth. We sincerely deplore this. The consequences of a total obliteration of a just approval of architectural excellencies on the part of nurserymaids and out-of-place footboys cannot be contemplated without apprehension. Let any one contrast the prevalence of knowledge in this respect now with that of half a dozen years ago. Why, one could not proceed from Regent Circus to Charing Cross without being informed of the disposition of every hundred weight of Parian marble in the Temple of Theseus, the Acropolis, and the Parthenon by some erudite pot-boy. On all sides the names of Pericles and George the Fourth, Philo of Athens, and Mr. Nash resounded; while every parish pensioner that chose to take water from the Cripplegate pumps looked at the cast-iron lions on the spouts, and talked of bassi-relievi and the ancient Persipolis. There was no end to this sort of jargon while antique turrets three months old, ready made moss-grown battlements, and antideluvian fortresses aged six weeks, continued to spring up on every side. However, when the queen's business and that sort of thing, as Mathews says, set the people to think of something else, those gentry who saw nothing but Ionian grace, Spartan simplicity, and Corinthian gorgeousness in the Windsor works, suddenly looked upon all these with jaundiced eyes. Mr. Moore, with his Fudge Family and Brighton Chinese, and others, calling Neptune and his trident and the dome of Pimlico palace "a French cook and plum pudding," completed the demolition of the rage for the superb. But the York statue having been mounted without any extraordinary fuss, we may fairly presume that the climax of our Vandalism has arrived, and that taste will again re-assert its genial influence over the kingdom of Cockaigne. Indeed, this may be confidently predicted from the fact of the St. James's Palace being all but finished, and from the journals, hebdomodal and diurnal, giving note of preparation for the hoisting of an equestrian statue of his late majesty on a pedestal in the court-yard of the palace. Let the trumpet of connoisseurship then ring loud and long. Come forth, ye critics of farthest Clapham, and rejoice that the days of entablatures and architraves are again at hand. Approach from Wapping of remotest east, ye to whom the sounds of shafts, capitals and friezes, are dear as the strains of the mermaid—at whose song "the rude sea grew civil." What a fund

of learning may we not expect from the cognoscenti of Blackwall, who talk of their "Raphaels, Correggios, and stuff;" and how many an academic syllabus will grow vociferous in large type touching the erudition of Smiths and Jacksons, profound in the mysteries of Tuscan and Composite. All hail to the manes of the "best wigg'd prince in Christendom!" Have we not reason to hope, like the people of Swift, that our geese may be all swans?

SCRAPS FOR THE PHILOSOPHIC.—A few days since a female child, three years old, died of the bite of a mad dog, with all the agonies and sufferings attendant on the worst cases of hydrophobia. On the inquest it appeared that the parents of the little sufferer, in compliance with the suggestions of some friends, had the dog destroyed a short time after he had bitten the girl, and administered to her a portion of the roasted entrails of the rabid animal. The jury, of course, expressed their wonderment at the monstrous folly of such an act. Every person who heard of it uttered an ejaculation of surprise, and there ended the affair. Had this happened some half dozen score leagues to the west of St. George's Channel, how all England would have rung with indignant denunciations of the barbarous superstition of the barbarous Irish. How Scotland, from the Cheviot Hills to Pentland Firth, would have exalted herself, the generosity, superiority, and magnanimity of her people, over all the world in general, and the unhappy Patlanders in particulars. Not a sanctified donkey at Exeter Hall would bray on any other subject for the next twelve-month's appeal to the pockets and the piety of the Londoners. A universal rush would ensue to the rescue of the benighted catholics; but when it happens in England, in the very metropolis, it is merely mentioned and forgotten. The rich wonder why the poor are not as civilized as themselves, and ridicule the influence of education. If people will eat the roasted livers and lights of a mad dog as a cure for hydrophobia, where is the wonder that barns and stack-yards are destroyed by fire as a preventive against distress? If the landed interest place food beyond the reach of the poor, where is the wonder if the poor become more rabid than mad dogs? The corn tax is the hydrophobia of England, and the landed interest will one day discover it.

SECRETS WORTH KNOWING.—When Lord Melbourne's was Lord Grey's cabinet it enjoyed (as some people say of bad health) almost universal odium on the score of the Coercion bill. Now it possesses none whatever on the same score. This is a secret worth knowing in the attainment of popularity. Let a ministry pass or attempt to pass a measure of the first-rate repugnance to all classes, and he is at once below zero with the country. Let the same minister when public feeling is strongest against him revoke the offensive edict, and *presto*, he is up again at temperate, at least. This has been the game with the present premier. Now, if Lord Melbourne desire to stand well with the country by doing a great thing in a small way, we will tell him how. Let him forthwith fall on all the corrupt constituencies and disfranchise them instantly. If he wish to shew the Reform Bill

working in accordance with the spirit in which the people were told it was framed, let him sweep away those blotches with unsparing hand, and he may draw six months in advance on the confidence of the country. There is not a single objection can be taken to this proceeding which should delay its being instantly adopted. None are more eager for its completion than the parties particularly interested in it—the people of the respective boroughs, with the exception, perhaps, of Stafford. There is hardly a measure of the same magnitude which would be received with more gladness by the whole community, and certainly not one more necessary. Nothing can be more repugnant to all correctly thinking men than that the most flagrant political baseness and venality should be carried on in a few towns to the scandal of the whole country, as if the removal of the evils of rotten boroughs, and the thousand-and-one nuisances attending them cost nothing for their removal. Liverpool is eager for the extinction of the mercenary crew known by the name of the old freemen, who are the most subservient tools in the hands of Whig, Tory, or Radical, as the price of opinions may sell. As for Stafford, we can safely say that there cannot be found in the whole annals of bribery and turpitude an instance of a single town so dead to all sense of decency, honour, principle, and every thing approximating to an ennobling feeling. The place is too miserably insignificant in every sense, except in its unprecedented profligacy to attract the attention of any but such as are obliged to be acquainted with whatever appertains to the public; and hence the general indifference as to its fate. Not so with Liverpool: its station, wealth, importance, give it an interest in the public mind inseparably connected with the mention of its name. A total disfranchisement of the second town in the empire could not be thought of; because, in the first place, the vast majority of electors, independent of the old freemen, are untinctured with the mania of trading in votes; and secondly, its population, increasing in intelligence and power, should not be sacrificed for the backslidings of a few. Moreover, one of its representatives, Mr. Ewart, is a good and useful legislator, to whom society at large is indebted for the introduction of much that is desirable in our statutes. His intelligence and activity more than counterbalance the *maiserie* of poor Lord Sandon, whom nature seems to have expressly fashioned for an exhibition of the folly of those who elected him. We should not have mentioned the two towns together, but that the partisans of the small one cry out for a like fate being awarded to both. Not a single reason applied to the case of Liverpool is applicable to Stafford. The latter is, in all possible shape of the word, despicable in its baseness, its impudence, and its representatives. Stafford was once dignified by the circumstance of Sheridan being returned for it; and by way of affording a contrast, in the most ludicrous extreme, to the wit, brilliancy, and powers of the author of the “School for Scandal,” it is now most befittingly represented by Captains Chetwynd and Gronow, who, if they have such a thing as brains, take especial precaution to keep so very interesting a fact in their exclusive possession. Conceive the propriety of a community of shoemakers being presented to the gentlemen of Westminster in the persons of a pair of

sprigs of semi-ton, small wits of the minor clubs—a brace of ambiguous bipeds of the family of *Simia*. These soldier legislators may be very appropriate persons to devour a given number of messes at the Guards—echo the small talk of bright-coated brethren—and be very great men in their own eyes east of Pall-mall; we make no complaint on that score. All we say is, that these gallant captains know no more of legislation than they do of the march of an army; and that will be quite sufficient, in their case, to ensure the public against the pensioning of another Marlborough. They belong to those suspiciously juvenile sages who dress smartly, punch their companions in the ribs, and tumultuously exclaim “*We young fellows!*” and are more ticklish on the score of their incipient senility than on that of political reputation. Let Lord Melbourne put the extinguisher on so fœtid a snuff as Stafford; and, as we said before, he may draw six months in advance upon the confidence of the country. As for Warwick, he must also take up its case afresh, for the Lords are merely making a play-toy of it, and putting the country to additional expense for witnesses to prove what is self-evident, and for printing intelligence already known.

PARLIAMENTARY AMUSEMENTS.—M.P.s indulged themselves with a game of *hunt the slipper* on Saturday, July 20. The sapient Mr. Poulter was principal performer in the amusement, and introduced with much gravity his measure, which his holy impudence has called “*Lord’s Day, No. 2, Bill.*” The third reading was met by an amendment for its being brought in again in six months, but this was lost by a majority of 33. There was a triumph for the saints, who expect to drive every one headlong to heaven by making this world a hell. However, the exaltation of the godly was somewhat abated by a clause, by way of rider, being carried to the effect, that all games in open air, not played during hours of Divine Service, should be legal. But the third reading being gained compensated for so trifling a drawback as legalizing games in open air. Nothing more was wanted; the work of piety might be commenced forthwith, and soul-saving as regularly registered, as the tonnage of ships at Lloyd’s. A mere form remained to be gone through, which, when the bill had been read a third time, was a very superfluous exhibition of ceremony. It was moved “that this bill do now pass.” The devout were prepared to receive the announcement of success to their darling scheme with, we can’t say, how many rounds of applause. But, woe’s the day! “that this bill do now pass” was *negatived* by a majority of four! Thus has the country once more escaped the fangs of canting Pharasees, fanatic imbeciles, and raving enthusiasts. We have also to congratulate our readers that the proposal (the Upton Tithe Bill) to increase the already princely revenue of a church dignitary has been indignantly thrown out.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE AND ART.

NEW POEMS.

IF, as many say, the time for poetry is past, what must become of all those poems which are weekly poured forth? Surely, they cannot *all* be allowed to slumber peaceably upon the publisher's shelves, resting in obscurity—unsold, unread; although we fail to discover another Childe Harolde amongst them, yet they are not all trash. This may justly be called a printing age.—Book follows book in quick succession; as bubble follows bubble down the stream, they are pointed at in their rapid passage as things great, wonderful, and superior; and scarcely has the eye rested upon them, before they are gone, and others are seen in their places—"another and another still succeeds!" Surely, our descendants will pick up something out of the multitudinous works which the present enlightened age has been pleased to cast aside. Some Milton, "mute and inglorious," in this age may find immortality in the next. Heraud and Satan Montgomery may have their turn. But why interrogate the crowd?—Why do poets write, knowing that the world will no longer read? We will let one of the authors,* whose works we are about introducing, answer that question in his own beautiful language:—

"Why doth the fairy swallow play
Unwearied on his wings all day,
To chase along the balmy air
The bright and golden insects rare,
And not descend the worms to gather,
Like birds of earthly feather?—
Because that Being, who guides the flight
Of comets on their voyage of night,
Unto that bird the wing hath given
That never tires of heaven!"

True it is, that poetry is undergoing a great change. The giants of genius have but just strode from the stage, and the descending curtain will soon hide the forms of the yet "mighty living." Byron, Scott, Crabbe, Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats, are no more; and Wordsworth, Wilson, Hogg, Moore, and Cunningham are fast falling into the "yellow leaf." Who will fill their places?

We have been pleased with a perusal of "The Ocean Bride;" it is a poem well worth reading—there is about it an interest, not common in the present day. Some of the descriptive passages will stand comparing with those of our first-rate poets; and there is also an air of originality in its plan. Long poems cannot be well described unless copious extracts are made, and the narrative is followed up by subjoining remarks. This we are sorry our limits will not allow. We shall, however, present our readers with an extract,

* "The Ocean Bride." By S. M. Milton. Tait, Edinburgh; Simpkin and Marshal, London.

which we hesitate not in pronouncing as poetry that would not discredit "The Lady of the Lake :"—

"How sadly alter'd, now, the times,
Fallen upon Old England's climes!
Her monarch-forests past away,
Her castles crumbled to decay;
The desecrated abbey pile
Roofless along its fretted aisle;
The may-pole on the village-green
A curious relic seen.

"Oh! past away the pleasant grove,
Where Una with her lamb would rove!
And gone the days of sweet romance,
The errant-knight, the shield, the lance,—
The faded ensign's ragged gloom,
Rotting above some warrior's tomb,—
The tattered banner, in the gleam
Of old Westminster's sculptur'd dream,—
The oak, that in the roofless halls,
Waves o'er the tottering ivied walls,—
Memorials of a fallen age.

"Monarch-forests, crumbling castles, roofless abbies, fretted aisles, and the *ragged gloom* of faded ensigns," are all in keeping with the melancholy retrospect our author takes of by-gone days. Sincerely do we recommend this poem to the lovers of *true* poetry.

The next is "*Trifles in Verse*,"* a pretty little unassuming volume, which may be carried about with ease in the same compass as a snuff-box. No one can peruse this little work without entertaining a high opinion of the author. It is full of sensibility, love, and piety; the real overflowings of a pure mind inspired by the hallowing muse of religion.

We would have our readers glance at the following stanzas—then form their own opinions of the author's talents. The last stanza will bear reading more than once :—

ON THE LATE MRS. HOWARD.

"Sleep, lovely consort, sleep!—Death watch'd the hour
When thy young form its richest bloom displayed,
And set his seal upon the blushing flower,
That mortal eye might never see it fade.

"Sleep, happy matron, sleep!—'tis said the blest
On angel's bosoms are conveyed above;
Thy babe upon an angel-mother's breast
Attained at once a heaven of bliss and love.

Here we have a poem† where the darker passions are pourtrayed. We cannot say that we are over partial to these Lara-like-looking

* "*Trifles in Verse*."—By the Rev. W. Routledge, M. A. Orr and Smith, Paternoster Row.

† "*The Rival Sisters, and other Poems*." Smith, Elder, and Co., Cornhill.

poems. Poetry, we think, is shewn more to advantage in calm than in tempest; its very constituents, when dealing with love, should be peace. We are, nevertheless, ready to confess the weight of the thunder-storm. There is much power displayed in this poem, and the wild workings of an excited passion are well delineated. We augur great things from some of these passages, and trust that the author will ere long shew his talent in the still scenes of domestic happiness. Whoever takes up this book to read, will not be long in discovering that it has emanated from a mind richly stored with the visions of poetic beauty. There are a great many passages which we could justly censure, but we are happy to say there are more well deserving of the highest praise. We will forget the small spots that here and there disfigure the bud, since they are no where visible in the full-blown flower.

Millhouse* has plodded through the rugged narrow path of want and difficulty, and put the finishing hand to his greatest work. He has long been known to the readers of poetry, and many times has that praise been awarded to him, which indeed is but too often the only reward of persevering genius.

Millhouse is an uneducated poet, who has towered high above his contemporaries. Even the daring design of his last work cannot fail to point out the lofty tone of his thoughts. But it is poor consolation to think that when he has passed through the ordeal of criticism, suffered poverty and privation, been deprived of every thing calculated to smooth the pilgrimage of human life, that a limited fame will be his sole reward. We have not space to enter fully upon his merits as a poet; they have, however, been often acknowledged. Every time he takes up his pen shews still clearer to what perfection he has nurtured his mind. We present our readers with this short extract:—

“ England! for thee I ask a boon of heaven;
Oh! may I not the blessing crave in vain!
To gild our freedom, be contentment given,
And manly hearts to vindicate thy reign:
Let justice guard each tract of thy domain;
And may thy sons their patriot ardour keep;
May golden harvest recompense the swain;
And ever may thy dauntless navies sweep
With unobstructed sway, their empire of the deep.

“ Land of philosophy and deathless song!
Abode of beauty in her peerless grace!
Still to thy blooming daughters, may belong
Simplicity, as lovely as their face:
Land! whose renown no ages can erase!
Thy blood streamed up to Washington, who gave,
Where woods and wilds the western world embrace,
That just, and equal freedom to the brave,
Which spreads new hopes for man, far o’er the Atlantic wave.”

No one can peruse these stanzas without being conscious of the author’s power as a poet far beyond the common order.

* “Second Part of the Destinies of Man.” By Robert Millhouse. Simpkin and Marshall.

THE CHANNEL ISLANDS: JERSEY, GUERNSEY, ALDERNEY, &c.
(THE RESULT OF A TWO YEAR'S RESIDENCE). BY HENRY D.
INGLIS. 2 VOLS. WHITTAKER AND CO.

MR. INGLIS is a traveller after our own heart. He is not one of those soul-less tourists who can journey from Dan to Beersheba, and then exclaim, " 'Tis all barren!" He has his eyes about him, and a taste for the beauties of nature, as well as for the legendary lore of the countries through which he passes. Hence in all his volumes of travels he agreeably blends the most vivid and picturesque delineations of nature, with the most agreeable legends, which are even now among the peasantry. The present volumes are at once entertaining and instructive. We defy any man to read any of Mr. Inglis' works without being pleased with his manner; and if he be not a living encyclopedia on the subject of the Channel Islands, he must derive a great deal of useful information respecting these islands from the work before us. The Channel Islands were before comparatively unknown; as much so, indeed, though so near the British shores, as some of the islands in the South Seas. In the volumes before us, Mr. Inglis furnishes us with a complete account of those islands, of their statutes, their resources, their physical condition, and the manners and habits of their inhabitants. But there is no part of his work with which we are more delighted than with his description of scenery. We have seldom seen any thing more graphic, or more charming. We give the following specimen, not certainly from any idea that it is the best, for there are many much better, but because it is most suited, from its brevity, to our limited space. It relates to the general scenery of Jersey:—

"Jersey is everywhere undulating, broken into hollows and acclivities, and intersected by numerous valleys, generally running north and south; most of them watered by a rivulet, and as rife in beauty, as wood, pasturage, orchard, a tinkling stream, and glimpses of the sea can make them. There is one picturesque feature, which enters into every view in Jersey: it is, that the trunks of the trees are, I may say without exception, entirely covered with ivy; which not only adds to the beauty of the scenery when the trees are in leaf, but which greatly softens the sterility of a winter prospect, and gives a certain greenness to the landscape throughout the year. Nor is the luxuriant growth of the ivy in Jersey confined to the trees; it covers the banks by the wayside, creeps over the walls, and even climbs upon the rocks by the sea-shore. About two miles to the east of St. Helier's, there are several elevated rocks, the bases of which are washed at high water, and which, higher up, are entirely overgrown with ivy; and, from the natural outline of these rocks, and their green covering, they have all the appearance of ruins. * * *

"Although in walking, or riding, up some of the Jersey valleys, the scenery of these individual valleys is laid open, it is difficult, by walking or driving across the island, to obtain any view of it. The roads are, in many places, over-arched with trees; and, even if they were not, as they invariably are, skirted with trees, the high banks, covered with underwood and ivy, generally shut out the prospect. Stand up in your vehicle, or on your stirrups, or climb up one of the banks, and the matter is not much mended; a thick orchard is sure to be on the other side; and, though an open grass-field, or a corn-field, occasionally seems to hold out expectations of a more open prospect, these are probably bounded on the other side by orchards, so that the view is still circumscribed."

POEMS. BY THE REV. W. H. CHARLTON, A. M., CURATE OF ST. MARY'S, BRYANSTONE SQUARE. 1 VOL. 8VO. RIVINGTON.

THAT the author of this unpretending volume lacks not friends, the list of subscribers printed at the commencement of it proves; but even without their assistance he might have rested his hopes of success on the good taste and poetic feeling which pervade his book. We believe that the publication of these poems is mainly attributable to the cause he so delicately and unassumingly glances at in his brief preface. A considerable portion of this book is devoted to sacred poems—not declamatory spoutings “yclept blank verse,” burlesquing Milton, and out-heroding Herod; but pleasing, easy, flowing verse, which, unlike the productions of the inspired eleven-book-men, is agreeable, instructive, and natural. There are also some miscellaneous poems on various subjects, many of which possess considerable merit, and a few translations of some of the odes of Horace, which are neatly and elegantly done. Of the latter, we would particularly instance the version of the ode, “Ad Licinium Murenam:”—

“Rectius vives, Licini, neque altum
Semper arguendo.”

The book is evidently the production of a well cultivated mind; it breathes throughout the kindest and best spirit; and we are happy to have this opportunity of wishing Mr. Charlton all the success he deserves.

THINGS THEATRICAL.

It is curious to remark how a dramatic incident will travel unappropriated over the world before it ultimately assumes the form of a play. The opera of “*La Sonnambula*” affords a remarkable instance of this. The occurrence upon which it is founded took place early in the present century in Scotland, and was related many years ago during a promiscuous after-dinner conversation, by a gentleman who has since vindicated the promise which he then gave of superior talents, and is now well known as the Ettrick Shepherd. “The lassie,” said Mr. Hogg, “whose nocturnal propensity to ramble had brought her into so serious a scrape, was the daughter of a Scotch baillie, who carried on a considerable traffic with a mercantile house in the west of England, through the medium of a travelling clerk, with whom he was periodically accustomed to settle his accounts. The day of reckoning came, and with it the bagman, and the settlement was so satisfactory to the baillie that he insisted on the bagman’s staying all night, as the weather threatened. To accommodate the guest, the young daughter, a girl of eighteen, was sent to sleep in a small chamber which was seldom occupied, and her room was given to the young clerk. Some time after the family had retired to rest, he was sitting in a loose wrapper, again inspecting his accounts and assuring himself of their correctness; when the bed-room door opened and the girl walked in; and, going up to the table at which he was seated, put her candlestick down, placed the extinguisher

upon the light, and got into bed. The astonishment of the bagman was only quelled by observing that the fair intruder was fast asleep, and with a sense of honour and of gentlemanly feeling which reflected the highest credit upon him, he instantly retired, made his way into the parlour, where he slept on a settee till the morning, leaving his chamber in the occupation of his host's daughter. Fortunately the first person he saw the next morning was the baillie himself, and he explained the cause of his appearance by relating the facts; at the same time, from a sense of delicacy towards the young woman, he desired to be allowed to depart without recalling to her mind by his presence the awkward situation in which she had been placed. The baillie would not suffer it; and not only insisted on his remaining to breakfast, but that Jeanie should make her appearance also. Jeanie on waking in the morning soon found where she was, and a very few words set her right as to the dilemma in which she was placed. She was a fine, wholesome-minded young woman; and although she felt acutely the difficulty of her situation, she made no opposition to her father's wish that she should come down to breakfast. The moment she entered the room she walked up to the young traveller, who was as much confused as herself; she put her hand with ingenuous frankness into his, and said, 'You must come again soon and fetch me home, for now I'll marry none but you.' The clerk looked first at the blushing girl and then at the baillie, who, though taken by surprise, played his part in this little drama with true poetic justice, for the marriage took place within a fortnight of that day."

The dramatist of the opera has not unskilfully availed himself of the materials at his disposal; but at the same time he has departed from the strict simplicity of the story, in order to heighten the dramatic effect.

The prevailing character of the opera of *La Sonnambula*, is tenderness and expression, which Madlle. Grisi has succeeded admirably in conveying to the audience. Comparisons have been made between this accomplished artist and Madame Malibran, improperly we think, for they are so totally distinct in their quality of voice and style of performance, that it is impossible to award the palm to either. The former is a pure model of the old Italian school, which the latter has become celebrated for some original conceptions of her own. They have each their admirers, but superiority between them must be a matter of taste.

Mrs. E. Sequin by her subsequent efforts fully maintains the promise she gave on her *début*, and we are happy to say that Mr. E. Sequin at the late musical festival proved himself to be the finest bass in this country.—We are delighted to see Taglioni succeed to the Elslers, who, whatever favour they might have found with a portion of the audience, seemed to us only fit for a booth at Bartholomew fair.

